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No. 356

The Man Without A Country

A PLAY

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BY

ELIZABETH McFADDEN

AND

AGNES CRIMMINS

ADAPTED FROM THE STORY OF THE SAME NAME BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

PRICE 25 CENTS

NEW YORK
SAMUEL FRENCH
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STRAND

NO PLAYS EXCHANGED

The Man Without A Country

A PLAY

In a Prologue
Three acts and an Epilogue

BY

ELIZABETH McFADDEN
AND
AGNES CRIMMINS

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE

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Agnes Crimmins.

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PREFACE

The story of "The Man Without a Country" was written by Edward Everett Hale in the summer of 1863 and published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in December of that year. It achieved at once the fame which was its due. It was copied broadcast and within a year after its first appearance more than half a million copies had been sold in America and England.

While pure fiction as far as the mere story is concerned, the psychology of Nolan's experience is profoundly true and the historical background is deeply studied.

In writing the present play the adaptors must acknowledge their indebtedness not only to Dr. Hale, which indeed is evident on every page, but also to many historical sources, such as the Reports of the Trial of Aaron Burr and other court martial proceedings of the day. The famous speeches of John Marshall and William Wirt at Burr's trial have been freely drawn upon both for fact and phrase. It would be difficult to list all the sources which have been consulted for American naval history but chief in interest and value among them are: Mr. Roosevelt's Naval War of 1812, Hollis's account of the Frigate "Constitution", the standard biographies of our naval heroes, and the quaint old newspapers of the period.

The play has been written especially for boys, a class much neglected by the playwrights. There are only two women's parts in the entire action and by a little judicious cutting these may be eliminated

without loss of interest. The concentration required by the dramatic form made it necessary to drop out the latter part of the story and end the play with Nolan's exploit in battle. This seemed doubly desirable as the long death-bed scene which forms the second half of the tale would neither have been interesting to boys to act nor within the range of their dramatic ability. Compensation for the loss of this material lay in the possibility of developing the historical background of the play and making it more vivid.

The early days of the American Navy are abrim with romance and full of lessons for the present. It should mean something to a lad living in 1918 to learn that the "freedom of the seas" for which we are contending is no mere mushroom theory of the hour but an ancient right deeply cemented in our national code by the blood of many an American hero.

In this hour of crisis we all need the inspiration, the steadfast courage, the true perspective of events and the fresh consecration to national ideals which only a study of our history can give us. It is hoped that the research required in producing the play may lead some of our boys to such a study.

ELIZABETH McFADDEN,
AGNES CRIMMINS.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

PERSONS OF PROLOGUE AND EPILOGUE

The Recruiting Officer
The Volunteer
The Flag Vender
The Old Man
The Girl
The Slacker

PERSONS OF THE PLAY

Lieut. Philip Nolan
Col. Morgan
Lieut. Jack Kingsley
Lieut. Richard Dent
Lieut. Col. Henry
Major Spence
Capt. Dayton
Lieut. Maclean
Lieut. Blue
Brock, *a scout*
Lieut. Danforth
Singing Joe, *able seaman*
Lieut. Truxton
Lieut. Morris
Capt. Shaw
Lieut. Phillips
Harry Cole
Virginia Rutledge
Soldiers, Sailors, Pirates, etc.

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

SCENES

PROLOGUE: *A recruiting Station in any city in the United States. Time, the present.*

ACT I. *A room in an administration building at Fort Adams, Mississippi, September,* 1807.

ACT II. *On board "The Warren" anchored in the Bay of Naples. Two years later.*

ACT III. *On board "The Warren" at sea. The following morning.*

EPILOGUE: *Time and scene as in prologue.*

The Man Without A Country

PROLOGUE

SCENE: *The scene is a khaki recruiting tent, situated upon a square, or green, presumably facing the main street of the city. The front of the tent is open. Above the opening is the sign:* UNITED STATES RECRUITING STATION.

Within is a plain table at center, with chair facing front. At R. *of table is a canvas-covered camp stool. At* R. *and* L., *against walls of tent, are long, plain, unpainted wooden benches. On the back wall is an occulist's alphabetical eye-test card. The platform upon which the tent is set up extends about five feet in front, and to within about five feet of the foot-lights, and is one step above the stage, thereby suggesting the sidewalk in front. The roof of the tent is extended above, making a piazza effect.*

On the platform, at R., *is a poster of Uncle Sam, with the words below* "I WANT YOU FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY". *At* L. *is a poster of Columbia, with the words below:* "COLUMBIA CALLS". *Fastened to trees at* R. *and* L. *of tent are two flag-poles; at* R. *the United States flag; at* L. *a navy-blue flag, upon which, in white letters are the words:*

"MEN WANTED FOR THE UNITED STATES ARMY".

At rise of curtain the RECRUITING OFFICER *is sitting at table in tent. He is a man of about forty years, with gray hair, smoothly shaven face, and of military bearing. He is dressed in the khaki uniform of a Captain. Sitting on stool, at* R. *of table, facing eye-test chart, and with back to the audience, is the* VOLUNTEER, *a well set-up young American.*

OFFICER. Read the top line.

VOLUNTEER. P–B–L–R–F.

OFFICER. Read the third line.

VOLUNTEER. M–X–U–D–O.

OFFICER. That's right. Now the last line.

VOLUNTEER. T–I–H–A–V.

OFFICER. You'll get by on your eye-sight.

VOLUNTEER. (*Turning towards him eagerly*) And is that all, sir?—Am I all right to enlist?

OFFICER. (*With a sympathetic smile*) You look pretty fit, but you'll have to take the physical examination. (*Takes enlistment blank out of table drawer, and lays it in front of the* VOLUNTEER) Have you any dependents?

VOLUNTEER. No, sir.

OFFICER. Then you can fill this out now. (*Passes him a pen*)

(*Both men bend over blank: the* OFFICER *explaining in a low voice; the young man writing. From* R. *enters an* ITALIAN FLAG VENDER, *with board covered with dark blue cloth, on which are fastened pins of the United States colors, of various styles. About the top of the board are crowded the flags of the Allies. He is a man of thirty-five years, or thereabouts with the half-melancholy, half-gay expression which is characteristic of his race. He is dressed poorly, but in the picturesque style of the average Italian.*)

VENDER. (*Walking slowly across stage, looking from* R. *to* L., *calling out his wares as he goes*) Getta de color!—Showa de color!—Alla de flagga!—Getta de color! (*A rather shabbily-dressed* OLD MAN *comes on at* L. ITALIAN *approaches him eagerly; with ingratiating smile*) Getta de color, signor. (*Eagerly as the* OLD MAN *slows up, examining board*) Alla de color. Parada, she come subito. You showa de color, signor? (*Offering an American flag*)

OLD MAN. (*With a sigh*) I suppose that's all an old man like me can do. (*Putting his hand into his pocket, and taking the flag*)

VENDER. (*Smiling eagerly at chance of a sale*) Si, signor, si!

OLD MAN. (*Looking wistfully towards Recruiting tent*) How I'd like to be that young man!

VENDER. (*With gesture of melancholy*) Ah! sama de here, signor. Me lika fighta for my Italia. (*Holding up Italian flag affectionately*) No canna. Fiva bambina;—eata maccaroni alla time. Maccaroni, she go uppa—(*Gesture of lifting his hand higher and higher*) uppa. Bambina cria. Me canna no fight.

OLD MAN. We'll have to do our bit here at home.

VENDER. Si, signor, si.

OLD MAN. (*Hoding up flag*) How much?

VENDER. (*With ingratiating smile*) Twenta five centa. Quarta dollar. (OLD MAN *passes out money*) Grazie, signor, grazie.

OLD MAN. (*Passing out another coin*) And take this for the bambina.

VENDER. (*Reluctantly*) Oh, noh, signor!

OLD MAN. (*Pressing it upon him*) Yes, take it. (*With sad smile*) I have no babies to buy maccaroni for.

VENDER. Oh, grazie, tante grazie, signor.

OLD MAN. (*Fastening colors on lapel of coat*) There's no flag like that,—did you know it?

VENDER. Si, signor. (*Holding up Italian flag*) No flag like my Italiana. She multa bella,—my Italiana.

(*The* OLD MAN *starts off* R. *looking lingeringly into tent as he goes.*)

VENDER. (*Looks after him gratefully; then turns, walks back and forth, calling*) Getta de color!—Showa de color! (*From* R. *enters, with a mincing gate, a* GIRL *of eighteen or twenty years, a little tripping creature, dressed in a blue serge suit quite a la mode.* VENDER, *espying her, approaches with same ingratiating smile*) Buya de color, signorina. (GIRL *pauses and studies board*) Alla de color. Parada she coma, pret' quick. Signorina showa de color?

GIRL. (*With a little giggle*) I s'pose I ought to have one.

VENDER. (*Eagerly*) Si, signorina, si. Alla showa de color now.

GIRL. (*Fingering pins*) They might think I was a spy if I didn't, I s'pose. (*Another little giggle*)

VENDER. Si, signorina. (*Offering pin*) She naice.

GIRL. How much are they?

VENDER. Twenta five centa: quarta dollar.

GIRL. Haven't you any for ninteen cents?

VENDER. (*With characteristic shrug of shoulders*) Oh, noh, signorina. Alla de same. Cheapa de price.

GIRL. I s'pose I could give up that soda.

VENDER. Si, signorina! Soda! She alla gone in a minute. De flaga, she staya forever—(*Touching region of his heart*) Ona de heart.

GIRL. Well, if you put it that way I guess I'll have to have one.

VENDER. You take dis one? She naice.

GIRL. (*Looking at it critically*) I don't think it matches my suit. (*Trying*) No. Haven't you something a little darker?

VENDER. (*Offering another*) Disa one. She naice. Alla silk.

GIRL. U–m–m–m. (*Looking over board*) Those enamel ones are rather cute.

VENDER. Desa? Si, signorina. (*Taking one out and offering it*) You taka dis one?

GIRL. (*Trying it in the lapel of her coat; takes out vanity case, and studies it in the mirror, turning her head from side to side critically*) U–m–m–m. (*Then turning to board again*) I don't know. (*Pointing to another*) What's that one, with the colors running up and down. Stripes are worn a lot this year.

VENDER. Disa one. Signorina lika betta? (*Takes pin and offers it to her*)

GIRL. (*Trying it*) Um. That isn't so ordinary, is it?

VENDER. Si, si. (*Catching himself quickly*) Oh, non, non! Mucha outa. Si.

GIRL. I'll take this. You're sure you haven't any cheaper?

VENDER. Non, signorina;—cheapa de price.

GIRL. (*Taking out her pocketbook, with a sigh*) Well, I s'pose it's worth it—to be patriotic.

VENDER. Grazie, signorina, grazie.

GIRL. (*As she fastens pin into lapel of coat, looks curiously into tent*) Oh, I'd just love to fight for my country!

VENDER. Non! Non! We fighta for you.

GIRL. Oh, I'd just love to run one of those horrid old things through with a long knife.

VENDER. Non! Non! Dat is not naice for you. For me—(*Feigning a lunge with imaginary knife*) Si!

GIRL. (*Again looking from pin in her lapel to board*) I don't know. I guess I'll take the first one. This isn't really the flag, is it—with the stripes running up and down. (*Looking others over*) I wonder if there's any I'd like better. (*The* VENDER *sighs as she changes pins*) No, I guess this will do. (*Fastening it in*) There ! That's better. (*Turning away trippingly—going off* R.) Good-bye.

VENDER. Arrivederci, signorina. (*Moves off quickly, looking back furtively, as if afraid she would change her mind again. Calls to possible customer off-stage* L.) Getta de color.—Alla de flagga. (*Exits*)

(*The* GIRL *looks coquettishly into tent; then trips off* R. *patting her pin, and passing* THE SLACKER, *who saunters lazily on, throwing an appreciative glance her way. She is too absorbed in adjusting her pin to notice him. He is a well set-up young fellow of about twenty years of age, of the middle class apparently, of the same physique as the* VOLUNTEER, *but gay and light-hearted. He pauses to study the Recruiting tent, its posters and its occupants, with amused curiosity, moving slowly past, then turning and looking in, whistling softly some popular air.*)

VENDER. (*Coming on at* L., *coming forward eagerly*) Buya de flag.—Getta de color, signor?

SLACKER. (*Taking out cigarette, and lighting it with evident enjoyment*) Nothing doing, my friend.

VENDER. Naica flagga, signor. Showa de color. Parada, she come pret' quick.

SLACKER. (*Indifferently*) An' she can go pret' quick' for all of me.

VENDER. Naica flagga, signor. Only twenta five centa.

SLACKER. (*Holding up cigarette after deep puff*) I can get twenty-five of those for that price.

VENDER. Cigaretta go up smoke. De flagga, she stay alla time. (*Coaxingly*) Buya de flagga, signor. Showa de color.

SLACKER. Sentimental rubbish, Pietro Antonio Spaghettio. Not for mine!

(*The* VENDER *looks discouraged. The* VOLUNTEER *and* RECRUITING OFFICER *rise from table in tent and come out onto platform.*)

VOLUNTEER. (*To* OFFICER, *with an earnest look*) You think, Captain, I can go right into training?

OFFICER. If you pass the physical examination, I think so.

VOLUNTEER. (*Shaking his hand warmly*) Thank you, sir. I want to be ready when I'm needed.

OFFICER. That's the spirit!

(*The* SLACKER *looks on in amusement.*)

VOLUNTEER. Good-bye, sir. Thank you very much.

OFFICER. Good-bye, my boy. Good luck.

VOLUNTEER. Thank you, sir. (*Steps down from platform*)

VENDER. (*To him, eagerly, holding out pin*) Americana flagga, signor. Showa de color.

VOLUNTEER. (*Squaring his shoulders*) I'll show the colors when the call comes! (*Goes off* R., *his head high, his step firm*)

(*The* RECRUITING OFFICER *looks after him approvingly.*)

SLACKER. (*To Italian, in amusement*) Big Injun. Fight much. (*The* VENDER *moves off* L.

calling his wares as he goes, his voice gradually dying away. The RECRUITING OFFICER *studies the* SLACKER *keenly. The* SLACKER *throws a lazy, half-amused glance at him*) Well, Cap, what's the great dope you're pulling off?

OFFICER. (*Seriously*) The great dope, young man, is that your country needs you.

SLACKER. (*Contemptuously*) To fight the other feller's battle. Oh, no! Not for little Willie!

OFFICER. To fight for humanity, justice, democracy!

SLACKER. Fine words for the easy marks!

OFFICER. To defend that flag up there (*Pointing to American flag*) with your life, if necessary.

SLACKER. My mother didn't raise her boy for cannon fodder.

OFFICER. Your mother, and every American mother, knows that when the call comes she has got to put aside all maternal claims. She has got to listen to a higher call, the call of the mother of every one of us, the call of our country, crying out to all her sons to defend her honor.

SLACKER. I don't see that there's any honor about it. You fellers have been just itching for some high heroics. We didn't have to get into this mess. There's nothing to it!

OFFICER. Was the sinking of the Lusitania nothing? Was the ruthless murder of our men, women and children nothing? Just as in the Spanish War our battle cry was "Remember the Maine", so now let our inspiration be "Remember the Lusitania".

SLACKER. And just because we lost a few hundred who were fools enough to risk their necks, you think we ought to rush in and lose thousands, millions more? Talk sense, Captain. The thing for us to have done was to write a few more notes,—to prolong the conversation. You know if you talk to

the other chap long enough he will get tired and leave you alone. (*Laughs*)

OFFICER. Don't laugh, young man. There is a nobler reason why we should get into this war. There is the same reason we had in 1776. We are getting into it so that the man in the street, such as you are, can have something to say about the government under which he lives, to place himself on an equal footing with the man who has been sitting upon a throne, making him bend the knee of submission to unquestioning obedience—to slavery!

SLACKER. Say, you talk almost as well as a certain gentleman in Washington!

OFFICER. I speak for and with that gentleman, who is making history that will give the United States the first place among the countries of the world. And it is an honor for you and for me and for every able-bodied American citizen to have the opportunity of getting in on the making of that history. Young man, the hour has struck!

SLACKER. But the alarm clock hasn't gone off, Cap. (*Stretching out his arms, lazily*) Let me sleep in peace.

OFFICER. And wake up, perhaps too late. My boy, if you do not join the colors now you put yourself in a class of men that is most despised, the class of the slacker—the coward—the shirk.

SLACKER. I should worry!

OFFICER. That's just what you should do. If you don't do your duty now, what will be your position in the community later on? I tell you, young man, after the war is over, you won't be able to look your friends in the face, unless you look the enemy in the face now.

SLACKER. (*Laughing*) Gas on, MacDuff! Gas on! That's what you're paid for. You're doing fine, believe me. You'll get some likely suckers yet. (*Laughs and starts to move off* L.)

OFFICER. (*Growing indignant*) Wait! (*Goes up to him*) Have you no love for your country? No sense of patriotism? No feeling of loyalty to your native land, these wonderful United States?

SLACKER. (*Contemptuously*) United States! What do I owe to the United States? Do I owe it my job at eighteen dollars per? My three square meals a day? My downy couch at night? Not much! I owe what I've got to this—(*Tapping his forehead*) and this! (*Tapping his arm*) And I'm not going to chuck it for any fine words from you or anybody else. To hear you talk one would think the United States was the Garden of Eden! What is it but the dump heap of all the refuse of the world? The stamping ground of corrupt politicians, grafters—the——

OFFICER. (*Lifting his hand in warning*) Stop! Or you may regret your words! You are insulting your country, the United States of America.

SLACKER. The United States be hanged, I say—

OFFICER. (*Coming up to him threateningly*) Stop, I tell you! (*Lifting his hand as if to strike him*) Don't speak words you can never take back. A man did that once, and spent the rest of his life in repentance, remorse and shame. (*With quick thought, taking the young man's arm*) Did you ever hear of "The Man Without a Country"?

SLACKER. (*Laughing*) What was he? A Yidd?

OFFICER. He was a better man than you are. But he cursed his country, as you would do just now. (*Indicating tent*) Come in here. I'll tell you what happened to him—what it means to sneer at your country. (*He leads the* SLACKER *into the tent*)

(*The lights fade gradually till the stage is dark.*)

Curtain

ACT I

SCENE: *A room on the ground floor of an administration building at Fort Adams, Mississippi in September,* 1807. *The room is a plain office, with doors down left (leading out to the parade ground) up right and center back (both into other rooms.) There are windows in side walls down right and up left.*

In the center of the room is an office table large enough for a dozen men to sit at comfortably. At the end to the right, sits COL. MORGAN, *the President of the Court Martial. Beside him to the left is* MAJOR SPENCE, *next him* CAPT. DAYTON. *On* MORGAN'S *right sits* COL. HENRY *and next him* LIEUT. BLUE. *At the other end of the table are places for the* JUDGE ADVOCATE *and the* REPORTERS *and for the accused.*

It is morning about 9 *A. M.*

Everything is commonplace enough within, but out of doors is the singing September day. When the curtain is raised the members of the court are in their places. TWO ORDERLIES *stand near the doors.* COL. MORGAN *enters through the doorway back center, the* OTHER OFFICERS *rise as he takes his place, then sit again.*

MORGAN. (*Gravely*) Good-morning, gentlemen.

THE OTHERS. Good-morning. Good-morning, Colonel. Morning, sir.

HENRY. Any more news, Colonel?

MORGAN. (*Grimly*) Nothing definite, the scouts have not come back but Dickinson thinks the Indians

are massing in force on the other side of the river. Your men are holding themselves in readiness?

THE OTHERS. Yes,—All ready, sir. They are! Ready, sir!

MORGAN. Word may come at any moment! We must push this ugly business here through and get rid of it.

DAYTON. Gad, sir, I wish Nolan had gone straight! Two years ago there was no better man in my company than he.

MORGAN. The more shame to him now! I am not disposed to show him mercy.

HENRY. Nor I.

MORGAN. The court is in session. (*Turns to orderly up right*) Ask the Judge Advocate to come in.

SPENCE. One moment, Colonel. May I have five minutes of the Court's time?

MORGAN. (*Surprised*) Yes—but—remember some of us may have to take to our saddles to-day.

BLUE. And a good job, too! I'd take to the war path any time to get away from this—and fresh air in my lungs.

SPENCE. Our duty is here also.

MORGAN. I do not mean to slight it, sir! We are here to mete out life or death to a young officer. (*To* SPENCE) If you feel that justice will be better served by your statement at this time, the Court will hear you.

SPENCE. I do feel so!

MORGAN. Go on then.

SPENCE. (*With a glance at the Orderlies*) I'll be brief—but I want "closed session".

(MORGAN *gives a gesture of dismissal, the* ORDERLIES *salute and go out.*)

MORGAN. Well, Spence?

SPENCE. (*Rising*) Just a word—about this lad—on trial here.

HENRY. Wouldn't it be more regular to speak before him?

SPENCE. More regular, yes—but it would defeat my ends. I want to ask the court to observe the prisoner by the light of what I have to say.

MORGAN. And that is?

SPENCE. I admit that he's facing the gravest charge that can be made against a soldier—treason! —but I want to plead for him. I want to remind you that he is only twenty-four and that what Dayton has just said, is absolutely true; that two years ago, Philip Nolan was one of the finest young officers of the Legion of the West.

HENRY. It is hard to realize that in view of his present infamous conduct.

SPENCE. You mean his defiant bearing?

HENRY. (*Heatedly*) I mean his constructive treason and his insolence on top of it. Gad, I'd break his sword on the parade ground! I'd cashier him before his troop!

SPENCE. I knew you felt so!——

MACLEAN. So do I! There's too much of this loose talk against the Government. I move we make an example of this fellow.

SPENCE. May I remind you that the 89th Article of War provides that when a prisoner, arraigned before a general court martial, from obstinacy or deliberate design, stands mute or answers foreign to the purpose, the court may proceed to trial and judgment, as if the prisoner had pleaded not guilty.

LIEUT. BLUE. Perhaps Major Spence has—personal—I may say family reasons for befriending Lieutenant Nolan.

SPENCE. (*Haughtily*) I don't understand you, sir.

BLUE. Of course where a young lady is concerned.

MORGAN. (*To* BLUE) Major Spence's motives are above suspicion.

SPENCE. If you are referring to my niece, Virginia, I can assure you that her loyalty will always outstrip her affection.

HENRY. In the name of Heaven, why are we on *this* subject?

SPENCE. It is not the topic which I chose, sir! I merely want to help a lad too sulky to defend himself.

HENRY. We are not trying him for being sulky but for being a traitor to the United States.

SPENCE. Exactly! Let's hold to that and not harden our hearts because he *is* sulky! Let's not forget that he has been led astray more by a youthful spirit of adventure and a beguiling friend than by any evil within himself.

MACLEAN. You condone his treason?

SPENCE. No, but I understand it, I think, a little better than you seem to do. I want to give him justice.

MORGAN. Do not forget, Major Spence, that every member of this court is under oath "to duly administer justice without partiality, favor or affection".

SPENCE. I do not forget it, sir, but we are dealing with a strange nature in a strange mood. He is his own worst enemy, and, gentlemen, there is to me no more moving sight than a lad trying to conceal the sensitive, tender, passionate soul of the–boy–he–is, under the hard veneer of the man–he–would–be. This wild thing we have caught here in the lariat of the law is no domestic pony from a New England farm—but a wild mustang of the plains, fierce, unbranded, free as the night wind. If he is silent it is because he is unable to express

his heart in words, and because he believes he is guiltless of the charge. He is sore at our failure to understand him.

HENRY. I am proud of my inability in that matter.

SPENCE. I think that what the boy really needs to put him right with the world is not so much punishment, as a greater chance for service, service and self-sacrifice. It is always the man who has given the most to his country, who loves her best and is most happy in that love. That is why I never pity a dead soldier on the field of battle for I know that he carries the peace that the world cannot give in his silent heart. As for Nolan, punish him if you will, but for God's sake, gentlemen, choose a punishment that shall make,—not break him. I've done. (*He sits down*)

(MORGAN *strikes a bell on his desk, the door up right is opened and an* ORDERLY *enters.*)

MORGAN. The Court is open. Ask the Judge Advocate to come in. Bring in the prisoner.

(*The* ORDERLY *makes a gesture to some one through the open door behind him, then turns and goes out into the room behind. A moment later the* JUDGE ADVOCATE, LIEUTENANT JACK KINGSLEY, *enters through the same door. He comes down, salutes the* OTHER OFFICERS, *and sits at his place to the left, spreading out a handful of papers which he carries. He is followed by a* SECOND OFFICER, *who also carries papers, sits beside* KINGSLEY *and acts as the reporter in the case.*)

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Good-morning, gentlemen.

THE OTHERS. Kingsley! Good-morning. Good-morning, sir.

MORGAN. Any of the scouts back?

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Not yet. Dixon rode in to say that he hears the Cherokees have been having war dances for the past week.

MORGAN. Really!

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Oh, and, Colonel Morgan, Miss Rutledge is in the next room. She requests permission to come in.

MORGAN. (*Decisively*) No, she cannot come in. (*To* SPENCE *apologetically*) I'm sorry, Major Spence, since she is your niece, but this is man's business.

SPENCE. I disapprove of it quite as much as you do, Colonel Morgan. (*To* KINGSLEY) Tell her, please, it is absolutely impossible.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*Salutes and turns to go*) Yes, sir.

(VIRGINIA RUTLEDGE, *a high-spirited, beautiful girl of eighteen, bursts into the room, brushing past the* ORDERLY *who would remonstrate with her.*)

VIRGINIA. My Uncle will give me permission—I can come in, mayn't I, Uncle?

(*The* OFFICERS *all rise and greet her, she is evidently a favorite.*)

SPENCE. Really, Virginia, this is too bad.

MORGAN. Miss Rutledge, this is no place for you. I cannot allow you to remain.

VIRGINIA. Oh, why not? I'll be very good. I won't interrupt.

MORGAN. It isn't that. It is the unpleasant nature of our task.

VIRGINIA. Oh, you think he's guilty. He isn't, I know he isn't, and I want to be here when he proves his innocence.

MORGAN. I wish I had your faith, Miss Rutledge, for we all have been very fond of him, but I fear you are mistaken.

VIRGINIA. Oh, you haven't understood him, he is innocent, I know.

MORGAN. If he is, why does he remain silent in the face of accusation?

VIRGINIA. Because you have suspected him; because you have hurt his pride. He is a man of honor and I want to hear him prove it to you here. Please let me stay.

MORGAN. (*After a moment's hesitation*) It is cruel to disillusion youth, Spence, but there are some things we all have to learn, even with great pain and suffering. I think perhaps it is our duty to let the child remain.

SPENCE. (*Bowing*) As you will, sir. (*Draws out a chair near himself for* VIRGINIA)

VIRGINIA. Thank you, Colonel Morgan.

(*Here the door up right is opened and* LIEUTENANT PHILIP NOLAN *enters. He is a tall, handsome, dashing young fellow, clad in his uniform but without a sword. A look of joy lights up his face as he sees* VIRGINIA. *She answers with a smile that indicates affection and confidence, and she maintains this confident demeanor throughout the first part of the proceedings.* NOLAN *goes to the place reserved for him down left, saluting perfunctorily as he goes. The* OTHER OFFICERS *do not return the salute.*)

MORGAN. (*To* NOLAN) Be seated, sir.

(NOLAN *takes his seat. He is swaggering in his indifference of pose.*)

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*After conferring with an*

ORDERLY *who has just entered from the doorway left*) Captain Heath wishes to know who is to command Lieutenant Nolan's troop, if the artillery is called out.

MORGAN. Lieutenant Dent is next in command.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. He is also our last and principal witness here.

MORGAN. Have him in at once.

(*The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *speaks to the orderly near who goes through the doorway at the back. A moment later* DENT *enters. He is a fresh-faced young fellow.*)

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Your name?

DENT. Thomas R. Dent, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Raise your right hand. (DENT *does so*) "You swear that the evidence you shall give, in the case now in hearing, shall be the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So help you God."

DENT. I do!

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You know the accused?

DENT. I do.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. How long have you known him?

DENT. I've always known him, sir—we were brought up on adjoining plantations.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Where was that?

DENT. Outside of Louisville, Kentucky, sir. That's where we lived till we were about sixteen.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And then?

DENT. We ran away to Texas—to be with his brother Stephen.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What doing?

DENT. Hunting wild horses, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. How long did you do that?

DENT. For three years.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And then?

DENT. Then Stephen got killed—and then we decided to enlist.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You've seen a good deal of Nolan since?

DENT. With the same battery, sir, and roommates.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You know Philip Nolan pretty well.

DENT. Better than his mother does, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Good!—You know the charge against him?

DENT. (*Reluctantly*) Treason, and complicity with the conspiracy of Aaron Burr.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What can you tell the court about that?

DENT. I—I wish I might be excused from testifying, sir, Philip and I look at these things differently.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Remember your oath. What can you tell the court about Nolan's acquaintance with Burr?

DENT. He knew him, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. When did Nolan first meet Burr? Last year when Burr came through here?

DENT. No, sir, up at Fort Massac. On Burr's first trip west.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Tell the court about it.

DENT. Nolan and I were up there with Major Dickinson's detachment after that raid of the Cherokees, and Burr came through. General Haskins gave a dinner party in Mr. Burr's honor and we were all invited. Nolan sat opposite Burr. Burr marked him even before dinner was over.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You mean Burr paid him special attention?

DENT. Most flatteringly—talking to him, deferring to him, laughing at his stories. You could see its effect on Nolan from the start.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Explain to the Court what you mean by "its effect on Nolan".

DENT. Well, it was like this. We broke up around 1 A. M. and Burr took Nolan out for a walk. Between three and four o'clock in the morning Philip came back to our quarters. At first I thought he had been drinking, but it wasn't that—he was—he was just plain crazy over Burr—it was ugly to watch—he was hypnotized like a snake with a bird.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did he tell you of Burr's scheme?

DENT. Not then—Burr didn't talk of his plans on that trip. He just made Phil think he was the greatest man in America, and his devoted friend—and went off and left him.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And then?

DENT. Nolan never was himself again after that—he used to write to Burr—long letters—and copy 'em and recopy—many a time I'd wake up at night and find him sitting up writing away.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. You mean he kept copies of his letters.

DENT. No, I mean he didn't find them easy to write and he was mighty particular about their being as high sounding as he could make them. You see he'd never had any schooling to speak of.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Um! Tell us about his education. You went to school together?

DENT. There wasn't any school in those parts, sir, though I remember Phil's father hired a tutor for him one winter—an Englishman I think he was.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And the rest of the time,—Nothing?

DENT. We weren't exactly in the wilderness you understand—we had lots of fine company.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Such as?

DENT. A good many Spanish officers stopped

with us over night on their way to and from Mexico, or there'd be French merchants from New Orleans —fine gentlemen!

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*To the court*) In the midst of the Spanish plot and the Orleans plot!

MORGAN. Small chance to learn much patriotism there!

DENT. And Phil travelled some. Once in a while he'd go to Vera Cruz on business for his father.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. To go back to his correspondence with Burr. Did you ever know of his getting letters from Burr?

DENT. Never a line did he get, sir. The other fellows used to laugh at him because he spent his time mooning round writing away when he might have been playing Monongahela—or high-low-jack. We teased him a good deal, sir, and as the winter passed, it began to tell on him.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. In what way?

DENT. He got pretty white and thin. Then—at last—he had his revenge.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. How?

DENT. Burr came back. It was a great day for Nolan.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*Referring to his notes*) That was September, 1806.

DENT. Right O!—He talked then! Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for Phil. He took Nolan out in his boat on the river and kept him all night—he got him then body and soul.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did Nolan repeat to you any of the things Burr said to him?

DENT. He did—he tried to get me to go in.

VIRGINIA. (*In hot involuntary protest*) Oh!

(SPENCE *silences her with a look.*)

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What were some of these things Burr said?

DENT. He—talked like a raving Arabian Nights' Tale. He said that great things were going to happen in the next few years. That every one knew that the wealth of this continent is in Mexico, that the future seat of government must be there, that everyone knew Louisiana would never be a part of the United States, that everyone who knew history knew you had to have one strong centralized government to endure, not a dozen conflicting state governments each looking out for itself.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What else did he tell you Burr had said?

DENT. He said Burr told him that we men out here had no idea how few people there are in this country who have any faith in this government enduring.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did you tell him to all this?

DENT. I told him I thought the men who had planned and carried through the Revolution could be trusted to uphold the Government now.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. What did he say to that?

DENT. He said it made no difference what I thought; that Burr had been Vice President and knew the government from the inside.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Did Nolan at any time confide to you his personal plans?

DENT. He said he was sick of the service.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. And?

DENT. He said he'd obey any order—any time, signed "by Command of his Excellency, Aaron Burr."

JUDGE ADVOCATE. That struck you as treasonable at the time, did it?

DENT. I thought it pretty stiff, sir—for an officer. I told him so. I warned him against letting his men hear such talk from him.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. That will do—you may step down.

(DENT *salutes, leaves the witness stand and goes out through the doorway leading on to the the parade ground.*)

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*Turning to the Court*) The prosecution here rests. (*He sits*)

MORGAN. The accused may now call any witness he wishes.

NOLAN. I haven't any witnesses. I don't want any.

MORGAN. That's your privilege.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*Rising*) Mr. President, if I correctly understand my duty as Judge Advocate of this court, I am here not only as prosecutor of the offender but also to see that justice be done to him.

MORGAN. That is true! The position of Judge Advocate in a military court is more akin to that of the judge in a civil action than merely that of the public prosecutor. You may speak for the prisoner if you think that he is incapable of defending himself.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. I shall then review the case bringing to the attention of the court the evidence both for and against the accused. After that I believe it is customary to allow the defendant opportunity for a final plea.

MORGAN. Right!—Proceed, sir.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Is it the Court's wish that I shall read the entire record of the case at this time?

MORGAN. You may read the specifications of the charge against the prisoner and then state your own conclusions.

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*Reading from a paper which the* REPORTER *hands him*) The Court then proceeded

to the trial of Lieutenant Philip Nolan, 7th Artillery Corps, U. S. A.; the accused was arraigned upon the following charge and specifications. Charge: Treason against the Government of the United States. Specification: In that Lieut. Philip Nolan, 7th Artillery Corps, did publicly make use of the following treasonable words against the government of the United States, to wit: "that he was tired of the army service", that "he was ready to take the first way out of it".

Specification 2: In that the said Lieutenant Nolan did secretly join with one Aaron Burr in treasonable plots against the United States, publicly declaring, to wit: that he "would obey any order signed by his excellency Aaron Burr." Specification 3: In that the said Lieutenant Nolan did thereby break his oath against the United States taken by him at Fort Massac, July 16, 1802 in the following words: "I, Philip Nolan, do solemnly swear that I will bear true faith, and allegiance to the United States of America, that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all their enemies whomsoever and that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States and the orders of the officers appointed over me, according to the Rules and Articles of War." This at Fort Adams, Mississippi, on the 5th day of September, 1807.

In summing up the case, may I remind the Court that these charges rest on the evidence of officers who have testified to the acquaintance which the accused had with Aaron Burr and on his own statements to members of his troop and to other officers.

Reputable witnesses vouch for the statements that on three separate occasions the prisoner has been heard to say that he was "tired of the service" and again that he "would obey any order to march anywhere with his excellency Aaron Burr." It is known to this court that the court martial at

Richmond has failed to convict Mr. Burr of any overt act of treason while it must be said it has equally failed to convince the public mind of his innocence of intention. It is only fair to the accused to call attention to the undisciplined adventurous life led by him before he joined the Army, and also to remind you that during the first three years after his enlistment, Lieutenant Nolan, in one campaign after another, went headlong up the grades of service. You will find, if you examine his record, that he has been twice cited in the Orders of the Day, for deeds of special daring.

Then two years ago, after Black Snake was killed and his tribe driven back, our command settled down to routine garrison duty. Here was the first dull restraint that Nolan had ever known. We may guess how it galled him. Then Aaron Burr came!

NOLAN. (*Jumping to his feet*) I don't want this defense!—Sentence me—and let me go!

MORGAN. (*Sternly*) Silence, sir!

(NOLAN *subsides sulkily*)

JUDGE ADVOCATE. Aaron Burr, superb of physique, brilliant of mind, fascinating of manner, rotten of soul. Wherever Aaron Burr has gone, in the most distinguished company, he has irresistibly drawn to him men and women of every station. What wonder that a man who facinates the most cultured society should charm and attract this young, half-taught boy. You have heard how they met. From the first it was steel to the magnet! All the bright courage and devotion in the lad's heart were poured out at the tempter's feet. Burr went—and Nolan passed the lonely winter that his roommate has described to you—hugging his ambitious dreams. At last with the fall came Burr once more, no longer

a mere attorney, seeking place—but—a conqueror, marching to his triumph!

You remember what the distinguished lawyer, William Wirt, said of Burr recently at the trial at Richmond; that "pervading the continent from New York to New Orleans, he draws into his plan, by every allurement which he can contrive, men of all ranks and descriptions. To youthful ardor he presents danger and glory; to ambition, rank and titles and honors; to avarice, the mines of Mexico."

And on the hour when they met for the second time Philip Nolan's evil star came and stood over him!

From that day he began to be a traitor to his country. The evidence against him is overwhelming. You have weighed it for yourselves. In closing, let me tell the prisoner, Mr. President, that the motives and feelings of the human heart can only be known to the world—his world—by act and speech and bearing. It appears from those of this prisoner that his speech and bearing if not his acts are dishonorable to him and to the service he should grace. Only a profound and openly shown contrition can tell us now that he regrets his folly. (*The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *takes his seat*)

MORGAN. (*Sternly to* NOLAN) Stand up, sir! (NOLAN *trying to hide his embarrassment with bravado, lounges to his feet*) Prisoner, you have heard the charge and the arraignment. At this solemn moment have you anything to tell us in extenuation of your conduct—to show your loyalty to the United States?

NOLAN. (*Haughtily after a slight pause*) Nothing, sir!

VIRGINIA. (*Pain and entreaty in her voice*) Oh, Philip, say something!

NOLAN. (*Moved by her tone, starts to speak; then closes his lips firmly*) No!

JUDGE ADVOCATE. (*Springing to his feet*) Mr. President, may I remind the prisoner that while it is true his up-bringing has been such that the United States was hardly more than a name to him —yet he has been fed by the United States for the five years he has been in the Army, clothed by the United States, housed by the United States. The United States cared for him when he was ill and the United States stands ready to protect him against any other government. He has sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to the United States. It was the United States which gave him his uniform and the sword that he wore by his side. Alas, my poor Nolan, why was it, think you, that Aaron Burr cared a straw more for you than he did for the flatboat men that sailed his ark for him —except that you had been picked out as one of Her own confidential men of honor—*by the United States!*

NOLAN. (*Beside himself with anger*) Damn the United States! I wish I might never hear of the United States, again. (*There is a second's blank pause—then every* MAN *in the room rises to his feet. The hands of the* OFFICERS *instinctively seek their swords*)

VIRGINIA. (*In a voice that is almost a scream*) Philip!

MORGAN. Silence! (*She subsides staring at* NOLAN *in terror.* MORGAN *speaks to the officers*) No swords, gentlemen,—He has lost *his!* (*Finally he turns back and stares at* NOLAN; *when he speaks his voice is cold, repressed*) You forget, sir, that some of the officers before you have fought through the Revolution. The name of the United States of America is more dear to us than the blood we have shed for her sake. (*He addresses the members of the court*) Gentlemen: we will retire to prepare sentence on this prisoner.

(*The* ORDERLY *nearest the door up back, swings it open and the* MEMBERS OF THE COURT *file through,* COL. MORGAN *preceding them. As the* MEN *go out,* SPENCE *turns to* VIRGINIA.)

SPENCE. (*Holding door open*) Virginia. (*As he indicates that he wishes her to go, she starts to obey, looking at* NOLAN *doubtfully*)

NOLAN. (*Taking a step toward her, appealingly*) Virginia!

VIRGINIA. (*Hesitatingly to* SPENCE) In a moment, Uncle.—Trust me!

(SPENCE *looks toward* NOLAN, *then toward* VIRGINIA, *turns and goes out. The door is closed, off-stage there is bugling, one* ORDERLY *goes to the door leading to the parade ground, looks out, turns and beckons to the other; a second later the* MARSHALL *follows them, and all* THREE *go out attracted by what is happening there. For a moment or two, the* JUDGE ADVOCATE *sits conferring with the* REPORTER, *then as the bugling grows nearer and more insistent the two young* OFFICERS *follow the soldiers to the left side of the room and stand at the window looking out.*)

NOLAN. (*Going to her eagerly and holding out both hands*) You believe in me, Virginia? You trust me?

VIRGINIA. (*Dully*) You cursed your country!

NOLAN. I beg your pardon, Virginia. I forgot your presence and my manners.

VIRGINIA. Not your offense against me, but against your country—against the United States!

NOLAN. The fellow infuriated me so. Feeding me up on United States, United States, until I was fairly ill.

VIRGINIA. How could you, how could you? And then not one word in self-defense! You have branded yourself a traitor!

NOLAN. If I could only make you understand! Make them understand! They live only in the present. Nothing exists for them but United States. If they could only know what I know and see into the future, the wonderful future with Burr at the head of a glorious country. Virginia, they don't know it,—they can't see that far, but this country is going to be torn to bits as if it were a hunted animal chased by wolves. With England preying on it here and France there and Spain trying to get her teeth in. How can we hold out against them? We have no Navy and what is our Army, a mere handful. Burr has seen all this, he is preparing for just this event. He is going to open up a Kingdom in the south, in Mexico! Mexico, full of beauty and wealth and power, and there we are going to build up a country greater and finer than is possible in these poor United States! He has given me this wonderful chance to join him. Oh, Virginia, don't you understand? (*Tenderly*) And don't you understand why I want to do it? Is it because I myself want power? No, dear heart, it is because I want to lay all the beautiful things of the world at your feet. (*Holding out his arms*) You will go with me, dear?

VIRGINIA. (*Shrinking from him*) Oh—Philip, how could you! How could you! (*Turning toward door*)

NOLAN. (*A note of alarm in his voice*) Virginia, you must understand me.

VIRGINIA. And I thought you a man of honor! (*Dashes out of the room, through the doorway leading to the parade ground*)

NOLAN. (*Looks after her stupefied with pain*) Virginia! (*The door back opens and the* OFFICERS

OF THE COURT *file into the room and take their places. The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *and other* COURT ATTENDANTS *return quietly. The* MEMBERS OF THE COURT *all sit except* COLONEL MORGAN, *who stands in his place waiting for silence. There is a sense of something impending that impresses every one but* NOLAN. NOLAN, *seeing the others sit, seats himself*)

MORGAN. (*With supressed anger*) Stand up, sir! (NOLAN *rises with insolent assurance*) Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court—The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again.

(*There is a slight pause, then* NOLAN *laughs aloud, a ringing peal but suddenly as he looks into the faces of the men around him, his laughter breaks and dies away. He loses his swagger—something like fear creeps into his expression. Outside the sound of confusion increases, there is nearer bugling, the shouting of* MEN. THE OFFICERS *turn their heads and listen. Suddenly the door up Left is flung open and* BROCK, *the scout, stands there. He is a large, powerful man, dressed in rough frontier garb. He is covered with dust and much exhausted.*)

THE OFFICERS. Brock!—Brock!—The Indians!

(BROCK *salutes the* COLONEL *and stands waiting*)

MORGAN. Well, Brock?

BROCK. The Indians are on the war path, sir.

MORGAN. What do you know?

BROCK. Last night, I came together with the other scouts, on the trail,—as planned.

MORGAN. Where?

BROCK. In the forest near Speer's Landing, Sir!

MORGAN. Yes, well?

BROCK. All night we lay in the brush and listened.

MORGAN. To what?

BROCK. A queer noise—a little steady flapping of the leaves.

MORGAN. Indians?

BROCK. Yes, sir!—All night they were slipping past us, sir!

MORGAN. You're sure?

BROCK. (*Nodding affirmatively*) Once in a while there'd be the sound of a little branch flung back—but mostly only the leaves a flappin'——

MORGAN. How long did it last?

BROCK. All night they crept around us—on both sides of us.

MORGAN. Did you see them?

BROCK. Nor hair nor hide, sir—just the creeping noise, sir—creeping—creeping!

MORGAN. How many would you say?

BROCK. Thousands—one every ten yards, sir, not just one line—but twenty lines—all through the forest, worming their way forward. Thousands.

MORGAN. Where will they meet?

BROCK. Their regular place at the river, sir—they'll join the Cherokees there.

MORGAN. When will they attack?

BROCK. To-morrow, sunrise—if we don't head them off.

MORGAN. Can we do that?

BROCK. I think so,—if we ride fast, sir!

MORGAN. (*To an Orderly*) My compliments to Major Dickinson and tell him to order the cavalry out,—the 7th Artillery will go with them. (*The* ORDERLY *salutes and goes, he turns to* BROCK) You will go with them! Sorry not to let you rest, Brock, but you're the only man that knows that trail.

BROCK. I'll manage, sir! (*He salutes and goes out through the door to the parade ground*)

MORGAN. (*To an orderly*) Follow him! See he gets food! (*The orderly salutes and goes out*)

(*From now on to the end of the scene there is a constantly increasing noise outside of the gathering forces of the post. The scattered bugling increases in volume and draws nearer, there is sharp soldierly calling back and forth, occasionally the sound of galloping horses.* NOLAN, *lifted from his self-contemplation by the scout's talk, is like a different man—an alert eagerness comes into his bearing—he is roused, soldierly.*)

(MORGAN *turning to the* MARSHALL) Mr. Marshall, see that no one mentions the name of our country to the prisoner. (*The door up Left opens and an* ORDERLY *enters and salutes*) Well?

ORDERLY. Major Scott's respects and who will command Lieutenant Nolan's battery, sir?

MORGAN. Lieutenant Dent. Send a corporal's guard for this prisoner.

(*The* ORDERLY *salutes and goes out.*)

NOLAN. (*Advancing a pace, on fire with eagerness*) Colonel Morgan, let me go! I know that trail! Let me go with the troops, sir.

MORGAN. (*Eyeing him steadily*) You have lost your title to that honor, (*Turns to the* MARSHALL) Mr. Marshall, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat and deliver him to the naval commander there. (NOLAN *starts. The* MARSHALL *salutes*) Mr. Marshall, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the name of our country to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will

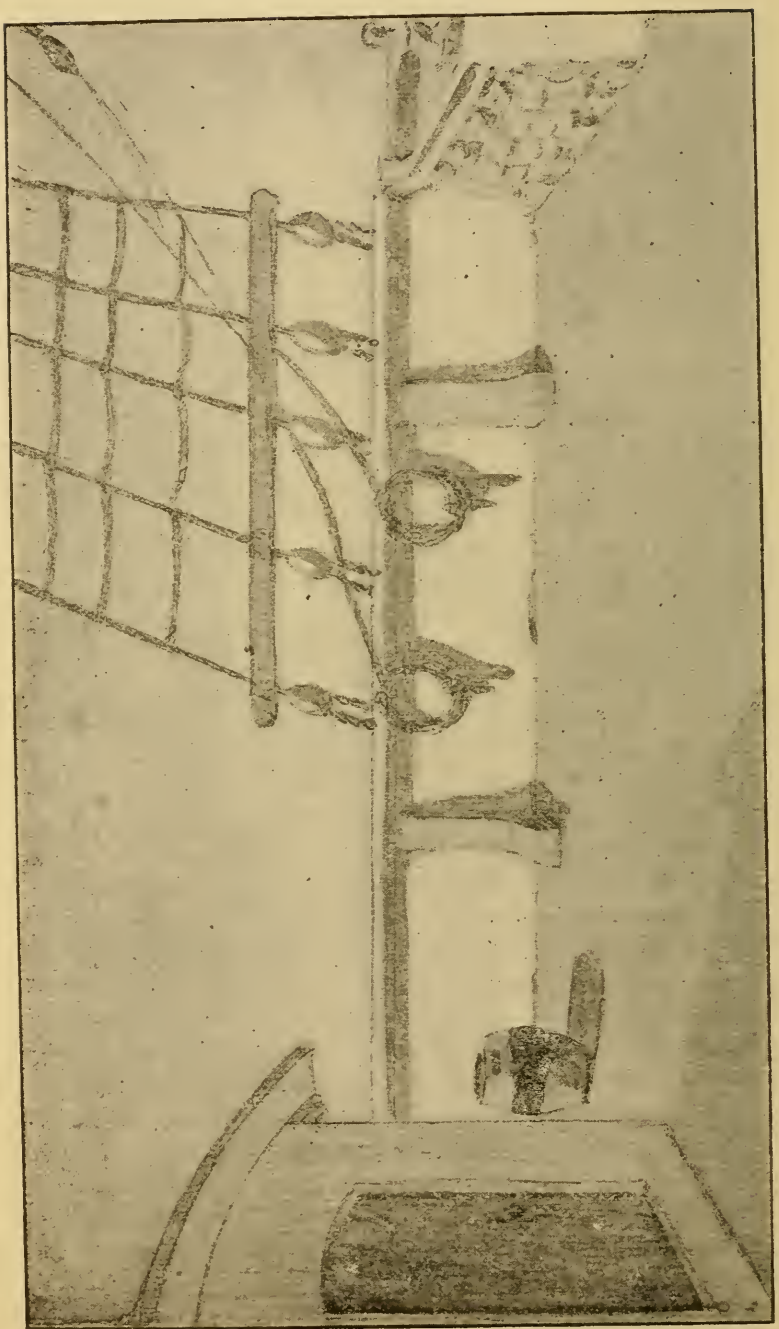
receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The court is adjourned without day. (*Outside the noise of the assembling cavalry has reached its height*) Mr. Marshall, before the prisoner leaves the post, see to it that his sword is broken and all insignia of the Government is removed from his uniform. (*The* JUDGE ADVOCATE *hands* NOLAN'S *sword, which has been lying on the table, to an* ORDERLY *who hands it to the* MARSHALL)

NOLAN. (*Shrinking in dismay*) Sir!—spare my home people this!

MORGAN. You have neither home—nor people! From this day forth you are a man without a country. (*He nods to the* MARSHALL *who goes up to* NOLAN *and lays a hand on his arm.* A CORPORAL'S GUARD *enters and stands at the open door, left, to accompany the prisoner*—NOLAN *throws up his head with an attempt at his usual bravado—but his look is unsteady*)

(*Out of doors the* TROOPS *are moving off in response to the bugle calls.*)

Curtain



ACT II

SCENE: *On board the frigate "Warren" anchored in the Bay of Naples. The scene represents a portion of the quarter-deck overlooking the gun deck below. The heavy deck rail of solid timber breast high, runs along the back of the stage; beyond that nothing can be seen but the soft dull blue of sea and sky. On the right side of the stage the deck continues out of sight of the audience, except for a cabin door down right.*

Down the left side of the stage, and at right angles to the rear rail, runs a lighter rail fencing the edge of the quarter-deck where it overlooks the gun deck. Halfway down the stage this rail turns at right angles to itself and runs off-stage out left, presumably leading down the steps to the deck below.

From the heavy deck rail at the back of the stage, great cables forming the rigging of the vessel extend up and out of sight. Orderly coils of rope hang to the rail and there are a few stools or rough chairs here and there.

Occasionally from the distance come the songs of the Italian boatmen. The hour is sunset. The time is two years later.

The curtain rises upon a scene of activity characteristic of a sailing vessel.

Sailors and marines are going to and fro, engaged in various forms of work; some in the rigging, some mending sails, some scrubbing up the deck with mops made of a mass of frayed rope knotted at one end. The boatswain's mate is overseeing the work. A sentinel

with a gun stands in front of a cabin door down right.

SINGING JOE. (*As curtain rises, singing*)
"Call all hands to man the capstan,
See the cable run down clear;
Heave away, and with a will, boys,
For dear America we'll steer."

(*Some of the men stop their work, and look fearfully towards the guarded door, and then towards the boatswain's mate, who is busy directing some work off left.* JOE *intent upon his work, goes on, his voice swelling in volume as he continues.*)

"And we'll sing in joyful chorus
In the watches of the night;
And we'll sight the shores of America——"

2ND SAILOR. (*Running to foot of mast and calling up, warningly*) Avast there, Joe!

JOE. (*Swelling into crescendo, hearing only his own voice*)

"When the gray dawn brings the light.
Rolling home, rolling home,
Rolling home across the sea;
Rolling home to dear old America.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. (*Rushing forward, brandishing a cat-o'-nine-tails, with a threatening roar*) Avast there, you son of a dog fish!

(*Men stop work and listen to what follows*)

JOE. (*Unconscious of all about him*)

"Rolling home, dear land, to thee."

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. Come down out of there, or by the nine lives of a cat I'll smash your hulk to bits!

JOE. (*Looking down, in surprise*) You want me, sir?

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. You come down here,— (JOE *scrambles down*) and you'll find out whether I want you or not!

JOE. (*Dropping to the deck, and limping forward*) Aye, aye, sir.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. You limping lubber! You half-licked cub of a tar barrel! (*Laying cat-o'-nine tails about* JOE'S *legs,* JOE *limping to dodge the blows*) What do you mean by singing that song?

JOE. Singing? Was I singing, sir?

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. "Was I singing!" Was ye breathing, sir?

JOE. I cry yer pardon, mate, I didn't know I was singing,—but I reckons I sings as I breathe, sir— without a-knowing it, sir.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. Well, you'll put a nipper on yer hawk-bill after this, or ye'll stop yer breathing, —as well as yer singing.

JOE. An' I can't sing no more, mate? I'd sooner give up me grog than stop singing.

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. You'll give up yer grog. Hand it over.

JOE. (*Passing out his flask*) An' I can sing all I want, sir?

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. (*Taking flask*) You knows the orders about that there prisoner in there. (*Indicating guarded room*) You know as well as I do that he's not to hear a word about America, or home.

JOE. Aye, aye, sir but I—(*The truth dawning upon him*) Was I singing about Amer—? *I was!*

BOATSWAIN'S MATE. An' if ye do it again, ye'll be put in irons. (*Starts off* L.; *turns again threateningly*) And you owe thanks to my good nature

that you are not reported to the officer of the deck.

JOE. (*Dubiously*) Aye, aye, sir. (*The* BOATSWAIN'S MATE *goes off* L. *shaking the flask close to his ear, then starting to unscrew it.* JOE *looking towards others, ruefully*) He's taken the spirits out o' me.

2ND SAILOR. (*Laughing*) Wat kind o' spirits, lad? (*The others laugh*—JOE *still rueful*)

3RD SAILOR. Doan ye mind, Joe, more'll come from the same old keg, an' ye can have a pull at mine. (*Offering flask*)

JOE. No, thank ye, mate.

3RD SAILOR. But ye'll have to put a muzzle on that thare musical foghorn o' your'n.

2ND SAILOR. That's what I objects to—the muzzle we all got to put on our mugs to see that they don't slip the cable when that thare "Plain Buttons" is 'round. It's not a word about—(*Sotto-voce*) America. It's not a word about—(*Sotto-voce*) home. It's not a word about yer own family. Shiver my timbers, what is a man to talk about? Must we be dumb while *he's* aboard?

3RD SAILOR. Who is he, *I* asks? An' what's he done? We don't know no more about him to-day than two years ago, when he wuz brought aboard at Orleans and we wuz told to clap a hatch on our scuppers—ask no questions—and sheer off any questions he might heave to.

2ND SAILOR. It'd make any feller grumpy to have to keep such a hawser on his beak!

3RD SAILOR. (*Confidentially*) My opinion is he's done some nasty deed, and he's goin' to be passed out to the cannibals o' the Wind'ard Islands as a mess o' (*Sotto-voce*) American stew.

(*All save* JOE *roar in laughter at this joke*)

JOE. (*Turning on them, in indignation*) Avast,

there, you croakers! How many o' you as haven't other men's blood on yer claws! I doan care what's he's done! He's a gentleman, and the officers treats him like a gentleman,—and who are you that you should ask questions? Belay your jawtackle.

(*The others laugh goodnaturedly.*)

2ND SAILOR. Singin' Joe's changing his name to Fightin' Joe. Hurrah for Joe! Darken my blinkers, but ye're a cocky little rooster.

JOE. Who took care o' me, and nussed me like a mother when that blood-licking Turk nigh shivered this old pin o' mine? (*Slapping his left leg*) Who kept that surgeon, who's no more'n a butcher, from sawin' it off. It wuz him. (*Pointing to door, which sentinel guards*) He's got the heart of a woman, an' the soul of a Nelson, and some day ye'll find it out! This old hulk ain't worth much, but such as it is, it's his without the askin'! I'll fight for him any day,—an' I'll fight the whole white-livered crew o' ye, if ye say anythin' more again him.

3RD SAILOR. (*Laughing*) Luff a starboard thare, mate. I didn't mean no offence.

2ND SAILOR. Ease off to wind'ard. He's all right, but we likes to be free to talk o' home .

JOE. Well, ef hit's bad fer you, what do you think it is fer him? (*He looks off right—sees some one coming and starts out left*) Hey, use yer blinkers!

3RD SAILOR. An' you better use them little flappers o' your'n. (*Indicating his ears*) Or you'll know the affectionate touch o' th' cat–o'–nine–tails,

(*Enter hastily from the right,* LIEUT. MORRIS; *as he comes along the deck he calls to a man out of sight in the rigging above.*)

MORRIS. Avast there, lookout!

VOICE. (*From above*) Aye, aye, sir!
MORRIS. Do you hear anything?
VOICE. (*From above*) All quiet, sir!

(*The bugle signal for mess comes from off-stage and the other two men follow* JOE *off down the companion ladder out left.*)

2ND SILOR. (*As he goes*) Hey, grog and grub, ahoy!
3RD SAILOR. Heave to, my mates.

(*From off in the distance comes the boatman's song. It dominates all other sounds for a moment then grows fainter.*)

MORRIS. (*To the lookout*) Listen—! No sound of cannon in the distance?
VOICE. (*From above—after a pause*) Not a sound, sir.

(LIEUT. DANFORTH *enters along the deck from the right*)

DANFORTH. Sir, captain's compliments and what's wrong? He saw you leave the table, sir.
MORRIS. Come here, lad!—Listen! There, that! What's that?
DANFORTH. The singing, sir?
MORRIS. (*Impatiently*) No!—Guns!—Way off! —(*The song ends*) Now, listen!
DANFORTH. I hear nothing, sir!

(LIEUT. TRUXTON *strolls on from the left.*)

MORRIS. Perhaps I imagine it!
DANFORTH. Looking for anything special, sir?
MORRIS. I am, Jack! I'm looking for that pirate

craft that fired on the Nautilus the other night and got away.

DANFORTH. Gad, I wish we'd meet her!—I'm just spoiling for a real fight, sir!

MORRIS. If she's the craft I think she is, you'll get all you want! My compliments to the Captain, and tell him what I say—and that I think we should be ready to put to sea.

DANFORTH. Yes, sir! (*Starts out right, then turns back to say*) But the men that went ashore, sir—you wouldn't leave them?

MORRIS. Time they were back. Who went?

DANFORTH. Lieut. Phillips and five men.

(MORRIS *nods and* DANFORTH *departs on his errand.*)

TRUXTON. (*Turning in his stroll to face* MORRIS) What are you filling that child's mind with tales of pirate ships for, Morris? He won't sleep to-night!

MORRIS. I thought I heard cannon.

TRUXTON. Isn't that like you?—Here's the whole heavenly Bay of Naples athrob with Italian music, and the sunset—and *you* hear cannon.

MORRIS. It's my business to hear cannon.

TRUXTON. Yes—if there *are* cannon—but—(*He shrugs,—goes up to* MORRIS *and takes him by the arm*) Come over here and listen to this fisherboy singing his heart out! Come, be romantic with me!

MORRIS. I'm officer of the day and have no time to be romantic. Where's Nolan?

TRUXTON. Haven't seen him since morning. Overheard him asking the captain if he might go ashore with Phillips.

MORRIS. He was refused.

TRUXTON. (*Indicating the stateroom up right*) He's there then.

MORRIS. (*In a guarded tone—to the sentinel*) Mr. Nolan in his cabin, sentinel?

SENTINEL. Yes, sir.

MORRIS. Poor devil, what a dog's life.

TRUXTON. I don't think he finds it so. He acts as if he were leading the life of a lord.

MORRIS. That's the pathos of it. He uses braggadocio to cover his real feelings. Have you ever caught him alone, unaware of your approach?

TRUXTON. No,—I don't think I have.

MORRIS. I did—once—about five months ago. I shall never forget it. He wore the saddest look I have ever seen on any human face.

SENTINEL. (*Warningly*) Gentlemen!

(*The door of* NOLAN'S *room slowly opens and* NOLAN, *pale and dejected slowly steps forth. His bearing is that of a man overburdened with sorrow and remorse. The two officers turn.* NOLAN, *seeing them, instantly straightens up and assumes an air of gaiety and nonchalance. He is dressed in a regulation army uniform, as in* ACT I, *with army buttons replaced by plain ones which explains the name "Plain Buttons" given him by the crew.*)

TRUXTON *and* MORRIS. Good-evening, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. (*Saluting*) Good-evening, gentlemen.

MORRIS. This is too fine a day for you to shut yourself up within the four walls of a cabin.

NOLAN. (*Smiling gravely*) Work before pleasure, gentlemen. No man in the world lives so methodical a life as I. I have my reading. I never before had enough time to read. Then I keep up my note-books, and scrap books to show to the fellows of the garrison when I get—(*With brave attempt at a smile of confidence*) home. (*Pause. With nonchalance*) I—er—suppose we'll be turning towards home when we leave this port? (*His*

face cannot conceal the eager and pleading note in this question)

TRUXTON. (*Embarrassed; then also trying to be off-hand*) Er—no–o. I believe we go on a long cruise up the Indian Ocean from here.

NOLAN. (*The eager light dying out of his eyes*) Oh. (*Pause, then with forced gaiety*) That's splendid! I've always wanted to go up there. What a lucky dog I am to get this opportunity to see the world! How the fellows at the garrison will envy me when I get back and tell them all about my adventures. Travelling gives a man such a broad outlook on life; don't you think so?

(*Sailors singing off-stage.*)

Away—haul away——
O haul away together——
Away—haul away——
O haul away, Ho!

TRUXTON. (*Pityingly*) Yes, I believe it does.

MORRIS. (*Mechanically*) Yes, oh, yes, indeed. (*Pointing out right*) Er, isn't that a fine harbor? *a sweep of his hand toward a view out right*) the mountains; the green fields; and the town lying there below with its little houses tucked away, and none of the squalor. One takes away only delightful memories.

TRUXTON. You're the chap for me, Nolan! I've been wanting some one to thrill with me over this romantic scene—and Morris, here, is about as movable as the Rock of Gibraltar.

DANFORTH. (*Entering alertly from up right and coming down to* MORRIS) Here come our men, sir!

VOICE. (*Off-stage*) The Warren, ahoy!

ANOTHER VOICE. (*Off-stage*) All hands—ahoy. (*Singing stops*) Stand by the gig, men.

SAILORS. (*Running across the deck from right to left*) Aye, aye, sir.

NOLAN. (*Eagerly*) Do you think, sir, they've got mail—or papers from home?

MORRIS. I—er—think,—it doubtful, Nolan. Few boats come here, you know.

NOLAN. But that English sloop, she might have some.

(*Enter* CAPTAIN SHAW *from the right.*)

SHAW. That Phillips back?

MORRIS. Yes, sir.

TRUXTON. (*To* NOLAN) Phillips said he'd ask for any books or papers they might have to lend.

NOLAN. Ah, that's good of him. I'll go see what he has. (*Bows to the* CAPTAIN *and the others and goes down companion-ladder to the left*)

TRUXTON. Me, too! (*Follows* NOLAN *out*)

SHAW. Danforth!

DANFORTH. Yes, sir.

SHAW. Go see that that reading matter is looked over before it is given to Mr. Nolan.

DANFORTH. (*Starting*) Yes, sir.

SHAW. If there are London papers he may have them after all allusions to America are cut out.

DANFORTH. Yes, sir.

SHAW. See that no American papers fall into his hands. Better destroy them after you men have seen them.

DANFORTH. Yes, sir. (*Salutes and goes out down the companion ladder*)

SHAW. (*Turning to* MORRIS) You say you heard cannon?

MORRIS. Yes, sir, twice—very distant—three cannon shots in close succession——

SHAW. Curious!—Three?

MORRIS. Measured as though it were a signal! The second time a little louder.

SHAW. Well, make ready! Order a sharp look-out above. (*Starts out up right*)

MORRIS. One moment, Captain Shaw.—What are the instructions regarding Nolan in case of battle?

SHAW. I don't think the letter of instruction mentions such a contingency. I've got it here. (*Begins to search through papers. He takes papers from vest pocket*) I got it out this morning when he asked for shore leave.

MORRIS. There ought to be something in it to guide us.

SHAW. (*Selecting a paper*) Here it is! Ever read it?

MORRIS. No, sir.

SHAW. A curious document!—Listen! (*Reading*)

"Washington, D. C.—Sir: You will receive from Lieut. Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late a lieutenant in the United States Army. This person, on his trial by court martial, expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might never hear of the United States again. The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled. For the present the execution of the order is intrusted by the President to this Department. You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him there with such precautions as shall prevent his escape. You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government. The gentlemen on board will make any arrangement agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to

be reminded that he is a prisoner. But, under no circumstances, is he ever to hear of his country, or to see any information regarding it; and you will especially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may by granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken. It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention. Respectfully yours, E. Southard, for the Secretary of the Navy."

MORRIS. By Jove, that's a cruel sentence, sir!

SHAW. He cursed his country!—He ought to have been hanged!

MORRIS. I'd rather be hanged than live his sentence.

SHAW. It doesn't say what to do with him in case of a fight.

MORRIS. No—but—if it isn't his country—it isn't *his* fight!

SHAW. No!—He'd best stay in his cabin.

PHILLIPS. (*Enters from the left up the companion ladder bearing books and papers triumphantly.* TRUXTON *follows—trying to wrench them from him as they walk*) Papers!—Papers! What am I offered. (*He sees* CAPT. SHAW *and salutes*)

TRUXTON. (*Pouncing on them*) Your life if you give them up instantly.

PHILLIPS. (*Passing him the American newspaper*) I gave Danforth the London Times for Nolan but here is the New York Advertiser, only seven months old.

TRUXTON. (*Offering the paper to* SHAW) Will you have it, sir?

SHAW. Not just now, thank you. (*To* PHILLIPS) Are we at war with anybody?

PHILLIPS. Only Indian skirmishes going on from time to time.

(TRUXTON *goes out down left reading the paper.*)

MORRIS. And who's our next President?

SHAW. Yes!—Did Jefferson run again?

PHILLIPS. No, he did as Mr. Washington did, refused a third term, and has retired to his country estate at Monticello.

SHAW. Who is to be his successor, Mr. Phillips?

PHILLIPS. The public sentiment seemed to favor Mr. Madison.

SHAW. Really! well, well! Have you any other news?

PHILLIPS. I have a message to you from Captain Tingey of the Vixen.

SHAW. Yes?—(*Looks out across the bay*) Why, —where is the Vixen?—Changed her anchorage?

PHILLIPS. Gone, sir? Started home!

SHAW. Alone?—After that attack on the Nautilus? Dangerous work for so small a boat!

PHILLIPS. She's fast though! Captain Tingey left word with the consul who gave it to me—He presented his compliments and said that if he should meet the corsair and she should prove twice his boat's size,—he'd give us a look-in, too.

SHAW. We won't be near enough to do much.

PHILLIPS. He asked the consul to have you informed that if he should sight the pirate ship, the Vixen would turn and run full sail in this direction leading the corsair nearer us and giving us a signal in the meantime.

SHAW. Plucky little Vixen!—What signal?

PHILLIPS. Three guns! (MORRIS *and* SHAW *look at each other*) The carronades touched off

one after the other,—three guns in close succession and then three—always three—pause—three!—We can't mistake it.

MORRIS. Didn't I say it was a signal?

PHILLIPS. What?—You've heard——?

MORRIS. Three guns!——

PHILLIPS. When?

MORRIS. A few moments ago!—Very distant.

SHAW. The Vixen has met the corsair! (*To* MORRIS) Get the gunners at their posts!

(*From the distance but now distinctly audible comes the boom of a cannon. The men stand silent looking at each other. There follows a second boom.*)

MORRIS. Two! (*Pause—then third shot is heard*) Three.

PHILLIPS. It's the Vixen.

MORRIS. And nearer!

SHAW. (*Calling up to the lookout in the rigging*) Avast there, my man! Look out to sea!—Can you see the Vixen?

VOICE. (*From above*) Nothing to be seen out there, sir—but the fog rolling in!

(*Again there comes the distant roll of cannon.*)

SHAW. One—(*Pause*) Two! (*Pause*) Three!

TRUXTON. (*As he enters down left*) Listen to this, Danforth.

SHAW. Gentlemen, you are next to me in command, I want a word with you before the others are told of this.

MORRIS. Yes, sir! Will you come to my cabin.—We'll be undisturbed there.

(*They go out right talking earnestly as* TRUXTON *and* DANFORTH *enter left.*)

TRUXTON. (*Reading*) "Green Turtle" A fine Green Turtle will be dressed and served up at Coleman's Hotel, No. 10 Fair St. on Monday next."

DANFORTH. Oh, to be at Coleman's on Monday next.

TRUXTON. The mere thought makes me happy,—and gives me indigestion. Green Turtle!

DANFORTH. (*Reading the paper over his shoulder*) Then here's your remedy! (*Reads*) "Mrs. Charity Long's Medical Warehouse, No. 151 Water St." Don't forget the address.

TRUXTON. Three doors west of the Fly Market. Medicines composed of Roots and Herbs, which have not failed one case in twenty—"Alas, Jack, if I should be the 20th."

DANFORTH. Oh, come, Trux,—turn over and let's get the real news.

TRUXTON. (*Turning the sheet*) Well, here—(*Reads*) "Swift-sure Mail Stage. A new line from New York to Philadelphia. Trip made in seventeen hours." That's what I call speed.

DANFORTH. I don't see how it can be done.

TRUXTON. That's the march of civilization.

DANFORTH. (*Looking out left down the companion ladder to the deck below*) Here's Nolan—quick, put that paper away!

TRUXTON. (*Stuffing the paper inside his coat*) Quick, give me something else—a book.

DANFORTH. (*Taking one from his pocket and tossing it to him*) Be reading that.

TRUXTON. Is it all right—for him, too?

DANFORTH. So Phillips said!—All about magic and border chivalry a thousand years ago——

TRUXTON. (*Plunging headlong into the book wherever it happens to open, reads*)

"They raised brave Musgrave from the field,
And laid him on his bloody shield;

On levelled lances—four and four;
By turns, the noble burden bore.

DANFORTH. (*In a cautious voice*) Trux!

TRUXTON. Eh?

DANFORTH. Get him to read!—It pleases him no end—and it'll keep him from wanting the papers so!

TRUXTON. All right!—(*Sees that* NOLAN *is coming up the companion ladder and resumes his reading as* NOLAN *enters.* DANFORTH *smiles up at him and motions him to a seat.* NOLAN *thanks him with a look and sits.* TRUXTON *does not look up but reads on as though intensely absorbed by the story*)

Before, at times, upon the gale,
Was heard the Minstrel's plaintive wail;
Behind, four priests, in sable stole,
Sung requiem for the warrior's soul:
Around, the horsemen slowly rode;
With trailing pikes the spearsmen trod;
And thus the gallant knight they bore,
Through Liddesdale, to Leven's shore;
Thence to Holme Coltrame's lofty nave;
And laid him in his father's grave."

(TRUXTON *pauses.*)

DANFORTH. Gad, hasn't that got a swing to it. Or would have if it were better read. Here, give it up, Trux.—(*Takes the book from him and passes it over to* NOLAN) Here, Nolan, you're the real reader!

NOLAN. Oh, really,—now I think Mr. Truxton was reading extremely well.

TRUXTON. Oh, I can't compete with you, Nolan. I know my humble place—Do read.

NOLAN. (*Much pleased*) Well, really,—I'm glad to.

TRUXTON. Then do!—We're just browsing through.

DANFORTH. It's by that new chap—what's his name—Walter Scott. Phillips said the Englishman who lent it told him it would open of itself to all the finest passages so we're just picking them out in that way.

NOLAN. I like to browse through a book—(*Begins reading beautifully*)

"The harp's wild notes, though hushed with the song
The mimic march of death prolong;
Now seems it far, and now a'near,
Now meets, and now eludes the ear;

Now seems some mountain side to sweep,
Now faintly dies in valley deep;
Seems now as if the Minstrel's wail,
Now the sad requiem, loads the gale;
Last o'er the warrior's closing grave
Rung the full choir the choral stave.

After due pause, they bade him tell,
Why he, who touched the harp so well,
Should thus, with ill-rewarded toil,
Wander a poor and thankless soil,
When the more generous southern land
Would well requite his skillful hand.

The Aged Harper, howsoe'er
His only friend, his harp, was dear,
Liked not to hear it ranked so high
Above his flowing poesy;

Less liked he still, that scornful jeer
Misprized the land he loved so dear;

(TRUXTON *and* DANFORTH *exchange startled glances.* NOLAN *goes on.*)

High was the sound, as thus again
The Bard resumed his minstrel strain."

This is fine, isn't it?

(*Continuing with a smile of pleasure and anticipation.*)

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said—
This is my own, my native land!"

(*He hesitates, shifts uncomfortably, and then plunges on.*)

"Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?"

(*He chokes, hesitates. The men start, look at each other in desperation.* NOLAN *staggers on, his voice dull with suffering—the breaks coming more frequently and with increasing anguish*)

"If such there breathes, go—mark him well—
For him no minstrel raptures swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self—living—shall die."

(NOLAN *jumps up with a choking sob, swings the book into the sea, and dashes blindly, to his cabin door. The men look after him in sympathy and remorse. As he gets to his door the sound of cannon booming nearer arrests them all.* SHAW *followed by* MORRIS *and* PHILLIPS *reënter from up right.*)

SHAW. Gentlemen, that is a call for help from the Vixen.

DANFORTH. Will we fight, sir?

SHAW. I hope we will.—Mr. Truxton, call the Bos'n.

TRUXTON. Yes, sir. (*Goes quickly out down left*)

(NOLAN *stands listening, his hand on the knob of his door.*)

SHAW. Phillips, you will take charge of the gun deck below. As senior to the others I give you the post of honor, sir.

PHILLIPS. (*Saluting*) I thank you, sir! (*He exits down left*)

SHAW. Morris, you will look after the quarter deck.

MORRIS. (*Saluting*) Yes, sir. (*He goes out right*)

SHAW. (*Turns to* DANFORTH) Mr. Danforth, you will assist Mr. Morris.

DANFORTH. (*Saluting*) Yes, sir! (*He goes out right*)

NOLAN. (*Approaching the captain with hesitation*) Is there nothing I can do, sir? I should like to help.

SHAW. Thank you, Mr. Nolan, but this is our job.

BOATSWAIN. (*Coming on hurriedly at* U. L.—*saluting the* CAPTAIN. CAPTAIN *turns to him*) Aye, aye, sir.

SHAW. Bos'n, pipe all hands to quarters.

BOATSWAIN. Aye, aye, sir. (*Blows a shrill whistle. Going off* L.) All hands, ahoy! (*Off stage the cry "All hands, ahoy" is carried and repeated. Instantly there is the sound of other calls —all the orderly confusion of the gathering of the*

ship's forces. CAPTAIN SHAW *goes to the left side where he can command a view of both decks and speaks in quick, staccato tones, calling off orders, men calling in response*) Anchor up, ahoy!—Man the capstan! Cheerily, my lads. Stand by the top-sail yards!—Man the clew lines!—Let go the bunt line and reef tackles. (*He goes out left down to the lower deck still calling his orders. The boatswain follows him*) Stand by the lee braces!—Slacken the lee! Round the weather braces. Haul the wind! Hard a helm!—Cheerily, my lads. We'll get the pirate before morning. Prize money and double grog for you all.

(*Off stage on the deck below there is a cheer, and sharp calling back and forth, the voices of comrades setting out on brisk adventure. Above on the upper deck,* NOLAN *stands alone, staring before him—his face a mask of despair.*)

NOLAN. (*Savagely*) "The wretch—concentered all in self—living—shall die" that's it—that's it——"Living, shall die"—"*Living shall die*"—Oh, my God! (*He buries his face in his hands*)

Curtain

ACT III

TIME: *Dawn of the morning following.*

SCENE: *On board "The Warren", at sea.*

SCENE: *The same section of the deck of "The Warren" but the background is heavy fog. Later when the mist clears and the day-light grows, the open sea can be seen beyond the boat.*

When the curtain is raised, NOLAN *stands alone leaning on the rail up right and looking out to sea. There is dejection in every line of his figure.*

Enter TWO SAILORS *from the right wheeling on kegs of powder. They get the kegs up-stage near the left exit and stop to rest.*

1ST SAILOR. This is a wild goose chase, I call it.

2ND SAILOR. Might as well be playing blind man's buff.

1ST SAILOR. The fog's so thick it'd bend a cutlass if ye wuz to try ter slice it.

2ND SAILOR. We'll have trouble enough when the air clears,—mark my words. I'll miss my reck'ning if we don't have some play with them shootin' irons before the day's old. I feel it a-comin'.

1ST SAILOR. Aw you knows mor'n th' capting.

2ND SAILOR. I knows I never seen a night o' calm like this but it wuz follered by a brush or a storm of some kind.

(JOE *enters left with the American flag over his arm, he passes across the deck and goes out right.*)

JOE. (*As he passes the sailors*) Stop that prophesyin', old croaker, and let's take things as they comes! (*He sees* NOLAN, *stops as though he would speak to him, then goes on out*)

1ST SAILOR. Well, come along with th' presents fer them pirates.

2ND SAILOR. Gimme a lift on this yer box uv jewels, an' we'll come back fer tother. (*They take one keg out leaving the other up left*)

DANFORTH. (*Entering from right and calling to lookout in the rigging*) Avast there, my man, see anything?

VOICE. (*From above*) No, sir, not yet, but it seems to be clearing up a bit. I think there's a little wind stirrin'.

DANFORTH. Good! Any signs of the Vixen?

VOICE. (*From above*) No, sir,—no sight nor sound of her.

DANFORTH. Keep a sharp lookout there aloft—we may find ourselves near something when the air clears.

VOICE. (*From above*) Aye, aye, sir.

(*All this time,* NOLAN *has scarcely moved. Now* DANFORTH *seeing him, goes up and lays a kindly hand on his shoulder.*)

DANFORTH. You've been here all night, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. (*Turning*) Have I? (*Rousing himself*) Yes, I believe I have.

DANFORTH. You should have had a good night's sleep.

NOLAN. (*In tone of despair*) Sleep! With a fight brewing?

DANFORTH. But that's our work, sir. There's no reason why you should lose your rest.

NOLAN. (*Despairingly*) Would to God I had

the right to lose my rest, as you call it. (*His voice chokes. The ship's bell rings five*)

DANFORTH. Avast there, Joe,—up with the colors!

JOE. (*Appearing on the right side of the deck with the flag still folded over his arm*) Aye, aye, sir. Ready, sir! (*He disappears.* DANFORTH *and* NOLAN *stand watching as the colors are run up. The* BUGLE *sounds and both men salute the flag. From now on the light increases as the sun rises and the mist lifts*)

(DANFORTH *turns and goes out left.* NOLAN *paces the stage nervously, his hands in his pockets.* JOE *re-enters from the right, splicing carefully two pieces of rope. Intent on his work he hums louder and louder, then gradually breaks into singing "Home Sweet Home".* NOLAN *walks more rapidly and nervously, then finally can stand it no longer and goes up to* JOE.)

NOLAN. For God's sake, Joe, stop that singing?

JOE. (*Stopping in surprise*) Singin'? Was I singin'?

NOLAN. Yes. I—I like it, too, Joe, but not that song,—please.

JOE. What song was it, sir? (*Thinking*) Why it was only "Home, Sweet—" (*Realizing*) Oh, I'm sorry, sir.

(NOLAN *raises a hand in remonstrance and tries to assume a sprightly air.*)

NOLAN. You see it's this fog—it—makes me homesick.

JOE. Sho, sir—does it now?—Well 'twas a poor song, sir,—and a poor thing to be singin' erbout!——A home—what's a home I axes ye?—I had one av 'em till ten and then I ran away from it!

NOLAN. (*Wistfully*) And have you no home now, Joe?

JOE. I've th' sea—she's my home! and fine and spacious she is, too. I likes to think of her that way—as my mansion, sir. My kitchen's in the Atlantic; my cellar at the Cape of Good Hope; my parlor in the Pacific, my spare room in the North Sea—they're allus cold, sir—and my easy chair by the stove where I puts up my feet and smokes my pipe is over there in the Mediterranean with old Vesuve, she's th' stove! (*With great scorn*) Home!—What does a man want with a home, sir?

NOLAN. (*Amused and lifted out of his depression in spite of himself*) You're a great little fellow, Joe.

VOICE. (*From above*) Sail, ho!

(*The cry is caught up and carried through the ship.* JOE *and* NOLAN *look up, and then look out to sea, and finally locate the approaching ship to the left.*)

SHAW. (*Entering hastily from right*) Where away?

(COLE *follows him in.*)

VOICE. (*From above*) Off the starboard bow, sir, two points.

SHAW. (*To* LIEUTENANT COLE) Mr. Cole, take the glass and go aloft. (*Extending glasses*) See if you can make out what she is.

COLE. Yes, sir. (*Springs into rigging, and runs aloft*)

SHAW. Bos'n!

BOATSWAIN. (*Coming from left*) Aye, aye, sir.

SHAW. All hands, ahoy!

BOATSWAIN. (*Blows his whistle*) All hands, ahoy! (*During the next few speeches the* BOATSWAIN'S *cry is taken up and carried throughout the ship*)

SHAW. (*Calling to* COLE) Ahoy there, Mr. Cole! What news?

COLE. (*In rigging*) A powerful ship, sir,—full mounted—square of sail.

SHAW. What flag?

COLE. She flies no colors.

SHAW. It's the pirate, or I miss my guess. How does she head?

COLE. This way, sir. She seems to have caught the wind. The fog is lifting off the starboard quarter.

(*There is a gathering murmur of men's voices as the crew collect in a great crowd.* CAPTAIN SHAW *goes to the edge of the railing where this deck overlooks the lower one and addresses them.*)

SHAW. My men, we have work ahead,—hard work—and bloody work. (*A murmur of excitement runs through the crowd*) We must clear the seas of these dogs who are feeding on our merchant ships. (*Murmurs of "Aye, aye, sir" and "Kill the dogs!" etc., from the men*) I cannot do it alone. My officers cannot do it alone. You cannot do it alone. But *together* we *can* do it—and we *will* do it! (*Cheers from the men*) It is the duty of each and every man of you to do all in his power for his country. Can I count on you? (*Shouts of "Aye, aye, sir. Close with her. Put us aboard!"*) We *shall* close with her, and I *will* put you aboard—all in good time. (*Cheers*) Now beat to quarters! To quarters! (*He goes quickly off right*)

(*A* DRUM *beats the call.* SAILORS *and* OFFICERS *cross the deck in both directions, getting to their posts. The morning light grows brighter*)

MASTER GUNNER. (*Off-stage, on the deck below*) Boys, the ammunition.

BOATSWAIN. (*Blowing whistle*) Make ready the decks.

(*A group of* SAILORS *rush across the deck with buckets of sand.*)

SAILOR. Wet 'em first, sir?

BOATSWAIN. The fog's done that—Sand them.—(*Pointing to the keg of powder*) What's that doing here?

SAILOR. I don't know, sir!

NOLAN. (*To* BOATSWAIN) It's powder for the gun deck. The man that's handling it is coming back.

BOATSWAIN. (*To* SAILOR) See that it isn't left here. 'Nough to blow the quarter deck to Kingdom come.

SAILOR. Aye, aye, sir.

(*They throw sand and then go down left to the gun deck. The keg is still left.*)

SHAW. (*Entering from right, crosses to railing left, overlooking gun deck and calls down*) All ready, Phillips?

PHILLIPS. (*Off-stage from below*) All ready, sir!

(NOLAN *has been walking back and forth watching jealously as each man went to his task—all pretense of content is cast aside—he is openly desperate in his desire to have part in the defense of the vessel. He goes now and stands before* CAPTAIN SHAW, *an eager suppliant.*)

NOLAN. Have you *no* work for me, sir?

SHAW. (*Kindly but with decision*) Mr. Nolan, I must ask you to keep your cabin, sir.

NOLAN. Sir!—Don't send me in there!—Put me—somewhere where there's danger, sir!

SHAW. I have no authority to put you in any post of danger, sir,—any more than I would any civilian passenger. Moreover, you cannot stay here!—I must remind you that this deck is the most

exposed position on board—They will aim straight through here for the mast—I must ask that you go to your cabin—at once!

(NOLAN, *reading the decision in* CAPTAIN SHAW'S *eyes, goes slowly up to his cabin door, opens it and goes inside, the door is closed.*)

SHAW. (*Calling up to* COLE) Ahoy there aloft, Mr. Cole! Anything to report?

COLE. Nothing, sir. I've lost her again. Another cloud of fog has blotted her out.

SHAW. Keep a sharp lookout.

COLE. Aye, aye, sir.

SHAW. (*Calling to the men on the gun deck below*) Stand ready, my hearties. She may aim to surprise us.

1ST GUNNER. (*From below*) Let her come on!

2ND GUNNER. (*From below*) Aye, aye, let her come!

BOATSWAIN. (*Hurrying on from* L.) Silence! (*To* CAPTAIN, *saluting*) I think I hear voices off to starb'd, sir.

(CAPTAIN *holds up a warning hand, goes over toward the left and listens. Silence for a moment. Then follows a sound of muffled voices off-stage. Every man is alert.*)

SHAW. (*After a slight pause of suspense, in loud, commanding voice*) What ship is that? (*Silence. In more commanding, even threatening voice*) What ship is that? (*Muffled sound of orders off-stage*) Answer—or I fire!

(*Almost instantly comes the report of a cannon, followed by the sound of crashing through the rigging. A* BUGLER *takes up his position beside the* CAPTAIN.)

PHILLIPS. (*From deck below*) Shall we fire, sir?

SHAW. Wait!

(*Another shot crashes against the side of the ship.*)

PHILLIPS. Now, sir? They're cutting us to bits.

SHAW. Not yet. We've no shot to lose.

(*Another shot tears away a boom.*)

PHILLIPS. There'll be nothing left of us, sir.

SHAW. Wait!

COLE. (*From rigging*) There she is, sir—coming straight on!

SHAW. Close with her, sailing master! Alongside! Hard a starboard! (*To men*) Now, boys, steady! Give her a broadside!

(*The* BUGLER *gives the signal for firing. The cannon are fired almost simultaneously. Groans are heard off-stage.*)

VOICE. (*From deck below, from out the smoke*) They got us that time!

ANOTHER VOICE. (*Broken with pain*) Take my place, somebody—I'm off with Davy Jones. (*Groan*)

SAILOR. (*In panic, running in from the left*) Sir!—Lieut. Phillips——

SHAW. Not wounded?

SAILOR. Killed, sir!

SHAW. Get Truxton there!—Phillips killed!—Poor fellow!

COLE. She'll soon be on us, sir.

SHAW. Hard to helm, sailing master. Catch her on the wind'ard! (*Turns and calls out right*) Stand by with the grappling irons! (*Men rush left with heavy irons. To gunners*) Look to your guns, look to your guns there!—Where's Truxton? (*Exits down companion ladder left. There is another roar of cannon and more calls and groans from the deck below*)

(NOLAN *flings open his door and comes out.*)

NOLAN. Captain,—I—(*Sees that the deck is deserted and stands startled. Two men appear from the right bearing* TRUXTON *wounded between them.* NOLAN *springs to their side*) Truxton! You're wounded!

TRUXTON. (*Irritable but game*) Well what would you have a man be when he gets all mixed up with a cannon ball?

NOLAN. (*To the bearers, opening his own cabin door*) Bring him in here.

TRUXTON. No, you don't—Captain sent for me—to command th' gun deck—and—I'm going—to—do it!

NOLAN. Bring him in here. (*He exits into his cabin and the others with* TRUXTON *follow him*)

(*On the deck below there is growing confusion. The roar of the firing comes increasingly. A* SAILOR *slightly wounded comes running up the stairs and in left.*)

SAILOR. Mr. Truxton—Mr. Truxton—(*He runs out right, still calling*)

2ND SAILOR. (*Running in from down left*) Mr. Truxton—the captain's calling you!

NOLAN. (*Entering, followed by the stretcher bearers*) He's not so dangerously hurt as I feared. Ask the doctor to see him. Get to your posts.

(*The men salute and exit right. Again there is a roar of cannon.*)

A GUNNER. (*Runs in from left in a state of panic*) We're done for, sir—There's no one to command our guns!

(NOLAN *picks up a pistol off the deck where* TRUXTON *has dropped it.*)

NOLAN. Get back to your post. (*He stations*

himself left at the companion ladder and speaks to the men below) Back, back, all of you! To your places, men! (*Leans over the rail that guards this deck edge from the deck below*) Men, we haven't bgun to fight yet!—Take up that rammer! Quick with the ammunition! There'll be no surrender on this ship while there's a man and a gun left. Quick, the grape! Now, the powder! That's it. Now run her out.—Good! Light her up. (*He climbs up and stands, one foot on the keg of powder—the other on the railing—a clear mark to the pirate ship*) We'll soon see who is master of the seas!

(*Report of cannon; smoke; groans from off-stage. Men on board "Warren" give three cheers.*)

JOE. (*Running on from out left*) Fer th' sake of heaven, sir—don't stand up there—they'll kill ye, sir. (*The doctor enters from the right, goes into* NOLAN'S *stateroom, stays there a few moments, then comes out and exits again.* JOE *pointing to the keg* NOLAN *is standing on*) But that's powder, sir! They'll blow you to bits.

NOLAN. Let them blow. (*Brushing* JOE *aside, in kindly tone*) Get out of the way, Joe.—Good shot, men. At 'em again. Courage! A glorious fight means a glorious victory!—Run in the guns! That's it! Load! Let 'em be double-shotted! That's it! Run her out! Fire! (*Report of cannon, followed by more groans off-stage*) That's it—Now again!

GUNNER. We'll have to wait, sir. It's hot!

NOLAN. Hot with patriotism! Good old gun, we're fighting for our country to-day!

(*A shot aimed at him brings down the rigging nearby.*)

JOE. (*In a frenzy of anxiety*) Come down, sir, they'll get you there.

NOLAN. (*Laughing*) I'm shot-and-shell proof. (*To men*) Now lads,—at 'em again! We'll clear the seas of these black dogs. Pour it into 'em!

MEN. (*Chorus of voices from below*)

Aye, aye, sir!
Feed 'em to the sharks!

NOLAN. Or send them to Jonah's private residence! (*Men laugh*) Easy there, my man, with the fodder. You'll give him a pain if you overload his stomach. A little at a time. That's it. Now, out with him! Let him go. (*Men fire it. Report. Groans from other ship*) How do you like that, Captain Kid? (*To another gunner*) Aim for the mizzen-mast, lad. Good practice, and will save the hull. More prize money that way, too.

GUNNER. (*Off-stage*) Aye, aye, sir. (*Aims, fires. There is the crash of the falling mast from the other ship. Men set up a shout of joy*)

NOLAN. (*To the gunner below*) Good! You've made a brig of her. We'll have her a sloop yet! Load again now!

(CAPTAIN SHAW *comes bounding up the companion ladder.*)

SHAW. Truxton, get down—(*Sees it is* NOLAN *and stands amazed*) Mr. Nolan, I put Truxton in command here! Where is he?

NOLAN. (*Indicating his cabin*) There! Wounded!—(SHAW *goes swiftly in and in a second comes out again.* NOLAN *calls to the men*) Now let her cool a bit!

SHAW. (*Coming up to him and seizing him by the arm and pulling him down beside him*) Who left that powder here? (*Calling down to the deck below*) Come up here! (*A* SAILOR *comes running in from left*) Take that away! (*The* SAILOR *takes*

the keg out left. SHAW *turns to* NOLAN) Do you think we want *you* shot, too?

NOLAN. (*Crestfallen, thinking he is dismissed from the position he has assumed*) I—I beg your pardon, sir—I was just showing them how we used to do it in the artillery, sir.

SHAW. And making a mark of yourself! Get down there on the gun deck.

NOLAN. You mean, I may—?—*Yes, sir!* (*He runs out left*)

SHAW. (*Calling after him*) Tell those men what to do down there.

NOLAN. (*Calling back*) Yes, sir! (*To the men below*) Are you *ready*, men?

CHORUS. (*Confident shouts from the deck below, greeting him*) Aye, aye, sir!

(*The fight is now on fast and furious; powder boys running back and forth between guns and hatchway, replenishing ammunition. Amid it all is heard the wild, unintelligible cries of the pirates.*)

COLE. She's cutting across our bow, sir!

SHAW. Ready with the anchors! Stand by with the grappling irons! (*Men rush across the deck from right to left, ready for throwing*) Steady, now! wait until she comes alongside! (*The pirate ship crashes against the "Warren". A medley of orders are given in a foreign tongue off-stage*) Hook her, lads. Cheerily, my men. (SHAW *speaks to group after group off-stage left and on the deck below*) Down with the anchors! Lash her to the mizzen-mast! (*To gunners*) *Now!* Rake her, lads! Comb her decks!

NOLAN. (*Off-stage*) All together, lads.

(*The cannon booms.*)

SHAW. Bugler, call the boarders! (BUGLER

gives signal. MEN, *armed with pistol, cutlass and pike rush forward from out right, and stand ready, eager for the signal. To marines with muskets*) To the tops, men! Pepper them!

MEN. (*Scrambling up into the rigging*) Aye, aye, sir. (*Standing in the rigging, braced against the halyards, they pick off men on the other ship*)

BOARDER. Put us aboard, sir.

SHAW. Steady, my lads. Wait! (*To men with grappling irons*) Pull her in! Closer. (*To men in the rigging*) Pick off the man at the wheel! (*Report of musket; groan from other ship*) That's it. Let no man touch that wheel.

BOARDERS. Put us aboard, sir! Let us get at their dirty throats!

SHAW. Wait! We're swinging closer.

(*Steady fire kept up throughout.*)

BOARDERS. Now, sir, we can get across!

SHAW. Boarders away! (*The* BUGLER *gives the signal. There is a rush and a roar as from wild animals as* BOARDERS *of both ships fight for supremacy; the air filled with cries*) The hand grenades! (*The cry of hand grenades is passed along. Men rush on deck with buckets*) To the rigging! (*They scramble up to where* COLE *is stationed*) Mr. Cole, aim for the open hatchways.

COLE. Aye, aye, sir.

(*The men lie along the rigging, passing the hand grenades along, the last man applies a slow match and passes the grenade to* COLE.)

MAN. (*Rushing in from left*) The hold is filling with water!

ANOTHER MAN. (*Running forward from right*) We are on fire, sir.

SHAW. Use the water to put out the fire. That's

what I call the hand of Providence. Drop it now, Cole. The open hatches.

COLE. Aye, aye, sir. (*Throws one. It misses. Throws another. It also misses. The third one explodes. Cries*)

SHAW. Guns! Stop firing!

(*At this signal* NOLAN *rushes up from the deck below.*)

NOLAN. They're driving our men back, sir!

(*A crowd of* PIRATES *surge from off-stage left, bear down on the boarders of the "Warren", pushing them back.*)

NOLAN. (*Rushing into the midst of the fray*) Come on, lads! All together now! Push them back! (*They make a rush together, gradually crowding the pirates back until they are out of sight off left. From a little distance off-stage can be heard* NOLAN'S *encouraging cries in the intervals*) The dogs! Now we have them on their knees. Give them no quarter! Back, back! Good work, men!

(*There is a loud victorious shout. A moment later* JOE *appears with the pirate ensign, and holds it out to the* CAPTAIN, *other sailors and marines, some wounded slightly, all begrimed and weary, follow, crowding in back of him.*)

JOE. (*To the* CAPTAIN *as he offers him the ensign*) Mr. Nolan's compliments, sir, and he sends you this.

(*The crowd grows.* INGHAM, COLE *and other* OFFICERS *appear from both sides of the deck.*)

SHAW. (*Taking it*) Where is Mr. Nolan?

JOE. He's back there, sir.
1ST SAILOR. He's here, sir.

(*The crowd of sailors make a lane and push* NOLAN *forward from their midst.*)

THE CROWD. (*As he appears before the* CAPTAIN) Three cheers for "Plain Buttons!"

(*They are given with a will.*)

NOLAN. (*Moved with deep emotion*) Thank you, lads. (*He starts for his cabin but is halted by the* CAPTAIN'S *voice*)

SHAW. Wait, Mr. Nolan!—I have something to say to you!

NOLAN. (*Cringing, expecting rebuke*) I—I know I should have waited for orders, sir!

SHAW. (*Cordially*) Orders be hanged! We are all very grateful to you to-day, sir!

NOLAN. (*Staring at him, amazed*) You forgive me, sir?—I—I—thought——

SHAW. Forgive you?—Why man, you've saved the day, sir!—I shall never forget it—and no man here will ever let you forget it. (*Cheers from the* SAILORS) You are one of us to-day—you shall be mentioned in the despatches!

NOLAN. (*Turning away his head, too moved to speak; finally chokes out*) Thank you, sir. (*Starts to move away*)

SHAW. (*Unbuckling his own sword of ceremony*) Mr. Nolan, I want you to wear this.

NOLAN. (*Eagerly; hesitatingly; almost afraid to take it*) Oh, sir, I——!

SHAW. Put it on, sir,—you've earned it.

(NOLAN *takes it, starts to put it on with trembling fingers, but staggers and falls back into the arms of* DANFORTH *who is nearest him.*)

JOE. (*Running to him*) Sir!—You are wounded!

NOLAN. Lay me down, lads.
SHAW. A stretcher here——

(*Two men come on from the right with a stretcher.* DANFORTH *and* JOE *lay* NOLAN *gently on it.*)

SHAW. (*To* NOLAN) My dear fellow, why didn't you tell us?
NOLAN. It isn't much—but it's enough.
SHAW. Tell the doctor to come here. (*Turns to the crowd*) Go, men! It's double grog to-night.

(*The* SAILORS *turn and leave the deck very quietly. The* OFFICERS, *too, scatter till no one is left but* SHAW, MORRIS, DANFORTH *and* JOE *with* NOLAN.)
NOLAN. (*Looking after them*) Good fellows, all.
SHAW. (*Bending over him*) Would you like to go to your cabin?—I'll have Mr. Truxton moved.
NOLAN. (*Shakes his head*) I'd rather be out here under the sky.

(*The* DOCTOR *comes from left.* SHAW *gives him a look and gesture. He drops on one knee beside* NOLAN *and examines the wound in his chest, then lays a hand on his breast. After a moment he rises and faces* SHAW *silently.*)

NOLAN. I know, doctor—it's enough! (*He turns to* DANFORTH *who is supporting him, with a radiant look*) Lad, I'm going home! (*He looks around at the men*) I want to say to all of you what I am sure you know without my telling—that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America, God bless her, a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the flag as I do, or prays for it as I do—or hopes for it as I do.

SHAW. (*Taking* NOLAN'S *hand*) We know that, Nolan, we *know* that!

NOLAN. (*To* DANFORTH) Lad, in my cabin—there's my flag—take it down—and give it to me here—I want to lay my hands upon it. (DANFORTH *goes into* NOLAN'S *cabin up right.* NOLAN *turns to the other men*) Leave me alone with the boy,—I want to speak to him. (SHAW *and the others turn away as* DANFORTH *comes back, and they move quietly away to some distance.* JOE *goes down out left.* DANFORTH *brings with him a beautiful silk American flag and lays it over* NOLAN'S *knees.* NOLAN *thanks him with a look and fingers it lovingly as he talks on*) There are fifteen stars in it, Danforth, there has never been one taken away. I thank God for that—I know by that that there has never been any success for Aaron Burr.

DANFORTH. No, never!

NOLAN. There will be others—from time to time—men who will try to wreck America but they will never do it. She is too deep in the hearts of her citizens—I never knew what she meant to me—till she was taken away. She will go up and on—a great country—up and on to her high destiny. (*His voice grows weaker*) Come nearer, boy!—I want to speak to you——

(DANFORTH *kneels beside him and lays his hand on* NOLAN'S.)

DANFORTH. Yes, Mr. Nolan.

NOLAN. Lad, I've learned to love you on this cruise, and I'm going to give my flag to you. I want it to mean something to you. You're a dear fellow, John, but sometimes I've thought you were a little restive, a little inclined to criticize the men at the helm, sometimes I've feared for your loyalty.

DANFORTH. I didn't mean to seem disloyal, sir.

NOLAN. I know you didn't, but youngster, I want you to let my life show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home and your country, pray God, in His mercy, to take you that instant home to His own heaven. Stick to your family, boy, forget you have a self, while you do everything for them. Think of your home, boy, write and send and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it, and rush back to it when you are free as though it were the only spot on earth for you. And for your Country, boy, (*Here* NOLAN *raises himself; his face and voice take on commanding majesty*) and for this flag, never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you, or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass, but you pray God to bless this flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers and Government and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by her, boy, as you would stand by your own mother if those devils yonder should lay hold of her to-day.

DANFORTH. By all that's holy, sir, I promise you I will. I never thought of doing anything else, sir.

NOLAN. Good boy, good boy! (*He sinks back as though exhausted. From off across the water comes the sound of a ship's band playing martial music.* NOLAN *stirs*) What's that?

DANFORTH. (*Rising to his feet and looking out to sea*) Why, it's the Vixen! She's found us! She sees our victory and is playing to us.

NOLAN. That's right! I will sleep now. (*He turns his face aside and closes his eyes*)

(*The sun breaks through a passing cloud and throws its shaft of light on the brilliant colors of the flag. The ship's band in the distance swells louder in its triumphant music.*)

Curtain falls

EPILOGUE

The curtain rises upon the RECRUITING OFFICER, *seated at his table; the* SLACKER *sitting on the camp-stool at* R. *of table, trying to hide his emotion.*

OFFICER. And that, my boy, is the story of Philip Nolan, who in a moment of anger, cursed his country. (*The* SLACKER *stumbles to his feet, and gropes his way out of the tent, fumbling for his handkerchief as he goes, turns his head away, to dash the tears from his eyes and choke down the lump in his throat. The* OFFICER *comes out, and lays his hand gently on the boy's arm*)

SLACKER. (*In a broken voice, trying to control his emotion*) I've learned my lesson, sir. (*The* OFFICER *pats him on the shoulder as a father would*) I guess you'll think I've the heart of a woman.

OFFICER. You've got the heart of a true American.

SLACKER. (*Squaring his shoulders, and trying to control his voice*) Have you one of them enlistment blanks?

OFFICER. Waiting for you. (*Pushes blank forward*)

(*The* BOY *starts to sit down. Off-stage, as if coming from a distance, comes the strain of "Over there."*)

SLACKER. The soldiers, sir!

VENDER. (*Coming on-stage*) Getta de color! Showa de color!

SLACKER. You bet I'll show the colors! (*Rushing to him*)

VENDER. Whicha one? Dis naice. (*Starting to take one out*)

(*The music is drawing nearer all the time. The tramp of marching becomes louder and louder.*)

SLACKER. (*snatching up board, and at same time looking into left of audience, as if looking down the street*) All of them. We're all together in this! There it comes! Hurrah!

(*Lifts board high above head, and waves it back and forth as music and tramp of feet draw near.*)

VENDER. (*Alarmed at fate of his wares as* SLACKER *waves with increasing enthusiasm*) Oh! Oh! Signor! (*Running from* R. *to* L. *behind the* SLACKER, *following the course of his flags*) My flagga! My flagga! Oh, Signor.

(*The* SLACKER *takes his hat off to wave, seeing* VENDER'S *outstretched arm, gives him hat, continuing to wave enthusiastically. Pedestrians come on from* R. *and from* L. *looking out into audience with seeing-a-parade expression, join in cheering, and in forming an enthusiastic crowd.*)

Curtain

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